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The Seed

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THE SPEECH

VOL. 4, NO. 2

FREE
CTA
COMIX

PRE-ZENTED

AS
A
PUBLIC
SERVICE
★★★

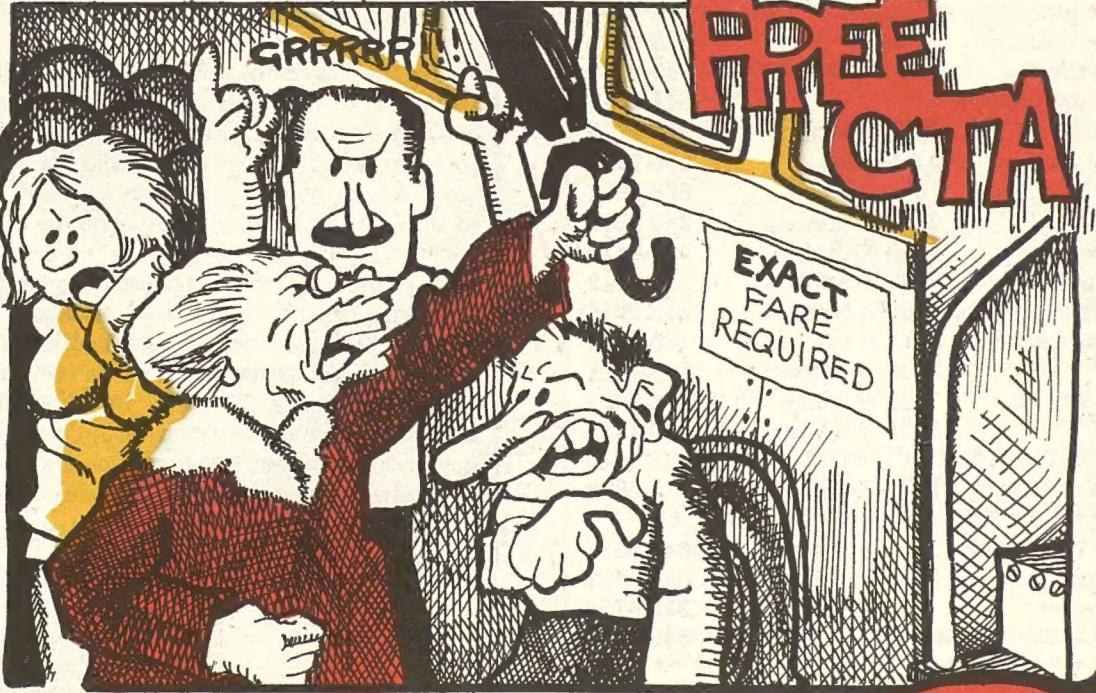
YOU KNOW FOLKS, RIDING THE CTA CAN SURE COST LOTSA BUCKS. YOU BET! BUT ALL THEM TOKENS AIN'T REALL Y GOIN' FOR EMPLOYEE RAISES AND IMPROVEMENTS... NO SIR!



ALL THEM
FARE INCREASES
TRAVEL RIGHT
ON DOWN
TO DUDES
LIKE HIM.

SORTA
TENDS TO
PISS ONE
OFF!!

SO KIDS... (MOM'S & DAD'S TOO!) GET IT TOGETHER AND...



HOBOLITH '70



SAVE MONEY, ASTOUND YOUR FRIENDS...
SIMPLY CUT OUT THESE FREE CTA LUCKY TOKENS,
PASTE ONTO SOME HEAVY CARDBOARD & STUFF INTO
THE FARE SLOT. EXCITING, EDUCATIONAL,
FUN!!!

CHICAGO



Well, it happened again--and almost on schedule. This is Volume 4, no. 12, which means that two more and it's the fifth time around. Amazing.

The Chicago Seed is located at 2551 N. Halsted Street, Chicago 60614. Settle affairs over 929-0133. Express love over 929-0134.

Subscriptions cost \$6 for 26 issues. Be advised that papers take awhile to reach you when mailed third class. Subscriptions are free for troops exiled to Vietnam, but cost \$8 for people living in Canada and \$12 else outside the US.

Advertisers should contact George II. Rate cards upon request.

This issue's conspirators:

Marshall, Eliot, Bill, Leaping Lester, Armando, Abe, Lovely Rita, Sue, George.

This issue's co-conspirators:

Blind Al, Pencil, Lynn, T & R, George III, Karl, Mike Gold, Jane, Bernie, Anne, Weatherbob, the sad-eyed ladies of the office, the Yippies, Rennie Davis, Ron Cobb, Dan Boroff, Walt Crowley and the kids at Helix, Kathy Mulherin of the late, great Dock of the Bay, Steve Gilbert and Steve Haines, current and former members of the Red Mountain Tribe, whoever did the killer centerfold graphic, and Donovan and the street gang.

This issue is dedicated to:

the cane-cutters, Bobby Seale, The Conspiracy Seven and the Chicago cop who testified for them but didn't make the Daley papers, the Grateful Dead (see page seven), John Sinclair, whoever smuggled in the Jamaican grass but especially to LYNDA.



Seed	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	(messages)	929-0133
Chicago Defender		225-2400
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Chgo. Journ. Review		644-5255
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Newsreel	2744 N. Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3825 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045
Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
LADO	2734 W Division	276-7314
YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH	834 W Armitage	549-5407
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578

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VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002

Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
No. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2260
Lawndale Assn.		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn	427-2533

ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm.	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880

Police	(request district)	922-4747
Police Emergency		765-1813
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

Coming Soon: THE PEOPLES' JURY

[This is an interview with Rennie Davis of the New Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam, one of seven co-defendants on trial in Chicago as part of the government's campaign to end dissent in America.]

SEED: After 56 witnesses for the prosecution and a current total of 80 for the defense, what do you think has been accomplished by the Conspiracy Trial?

RENNIE DAVIS: The Conspiracy Trial is the summation of a decade of political protest. The prosecution chose to try our culture, our identity, and the politics of the last ten years wholly on the basis of the made-up testimony of paid informers. Our defense has been an offense designed to project a legal and political strategy by conducting a parade of our history.

The Government indicted us on the false assumption that it could chill the Movement by picking of eight individuals. We feel that the government has proved nothing at the price of exposing its own racism and imperialism, the racism and imperialism which have expressed themselves from Greensboro through Vietnam to Fred Hampton's apartment.

We came to Chicago to disrupt the ritual and sham which is ordinarily put over as the democratic process. Now we are disrupting the ritual and sham which Judge Hoffman calls the judicial process.

SEED: How would you characterize Judge Hoffman's role in the trial?

RENNIE DAVIS: One of the problems associated with the political part of our trial is that there has been too much focus on the insanity of the judge when in fact Judge Hoffman presides in every court in the country.

All that is unique in our courtroom is its public visibility. Our trial is a daily occurrence in thousands of courts which function as assembly points on the road to prison.

There is no doubt that Julius Hoffman is a partisan. He supports every motion and objection by the government. The courtroom functions under two sets of rules. Every day we undergo minor harassments—last week we were not allowed to use the bathroom outside the court, this week the judge announced a seven day week, today he cut our lunch time, which we use to prepare witnesses. Our witnesses and lawyers are maligned and intimidated from the bench in the presence of the jury, and young people are tossed out on a daily basis after being subjected to a degrading search before entering the room.

This year Julius Hoffman is playing the role Mayor Daley played last year. Last year Daley accused us of creating a security crisis, wildly charging that we were going to assassinate all the candidates. This year the judge assigns phalanxes of marshals at all the entrances to the Federal Building and outside the courtroom, and justifies placing the jury in an armed camp on the grounds that our memoranda-carrying legal staff creates a security risk during its walk between the Conspiracy office and the courtroom, a distance of a block-and-a-half.

Last year Daley said that he had no control over the Chicago police. This year Hoffman says that he has no control over the marshals. Both men possess enormous personal power, but both men are also role-players in a scenario larger than their own area of control.

SEED: What do you see as the central issues in the trial?

RENNIE DAVIS: The two central issues are: One, the total fraudulence of the court system that is used to put the face of legality on political repression, and two, the total racism in which this court system functions. Hoffman intends to put us in jail for many years whatever the jury decides, but whatever he does to us he will never match the "special treatment" that he reserved for Bobby Seale. Bobby was chained and gagged and sentenced to four years for trying to exercise rights "protected" by the Constitution. And Bobby Seale's "special treatment" only reflected the "special treatment" which black people get in the courts of this country every day of the year.

SEED: What would you like to see happen at the end of the trial?

RENNIE DAVIS: A week of concentrated energy and attack on America's legal system from February 14th, which is National Huey Newton Day, to February 21st. We envision that the jury will be out during this week deliberating on a verdict. It is a week in which we ask this generation of young people to constitute itself as a jury to judge the government. It is a week that this generation might confront the law students of our age to demand that they not put their services toward a legal system which rounds up Black Panthers and anti-war demonstrators instead of instructing Federal Marshals to arrest Richard Nixon for genocide. We are calling on students to go into every law school in this country during that week to suspend classes, to stop abstract discussions of torts and property rights and begin talking about the real wrongs perpetuated by the legal and court systems which permit genocide in Asia and in the black colony of America.

The people of the Movement should appoint themselves professors of law, and go to law schools and teach—teach about courts, jails, lawyers, judges, undercover agents, and the law as it applies to different classes and minorities.

We are calling on community groups to bring their grievances to the campuses, and especially to the law schools. We hope that these groups will do their utmost to convince all students that their true calling is to serve the people.

We are calling for demonstrations at courts and prisons.

We are calling on students to confront the professors who have helped to produce the Mitchells, the Kleindiensts, the Wilsons, the Leonards, and the other reactionary officials who have taken over the Department of Justice and other enforcement agencies in the United States.

The Conspiracy office can assist groups by furnishing tapes of witnesses, defendants, and other principals to the trial. Anybody wanting these tapes or transcripts of testimony should contact Mike Gold, Conspiracy, Room 407, 28 East Jackson, Chicago 60604; or call him at 312-427-7773.

To cap this week of protest, we are calling for large indoor rallies across the country on the 21st. These rallies will be organized by various groups, including the Yippies and the New Mobilization, and will feature rock bands, speakers, guerilla theater troupes, and most importantly, the peoples' juries which will convene to sentence the government and launch the 1970's.

LONG GONE: THE "BLUE-RIBBON" JURY

A Coroner's blue-ribbon jury determined that the deaths of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were "justified."

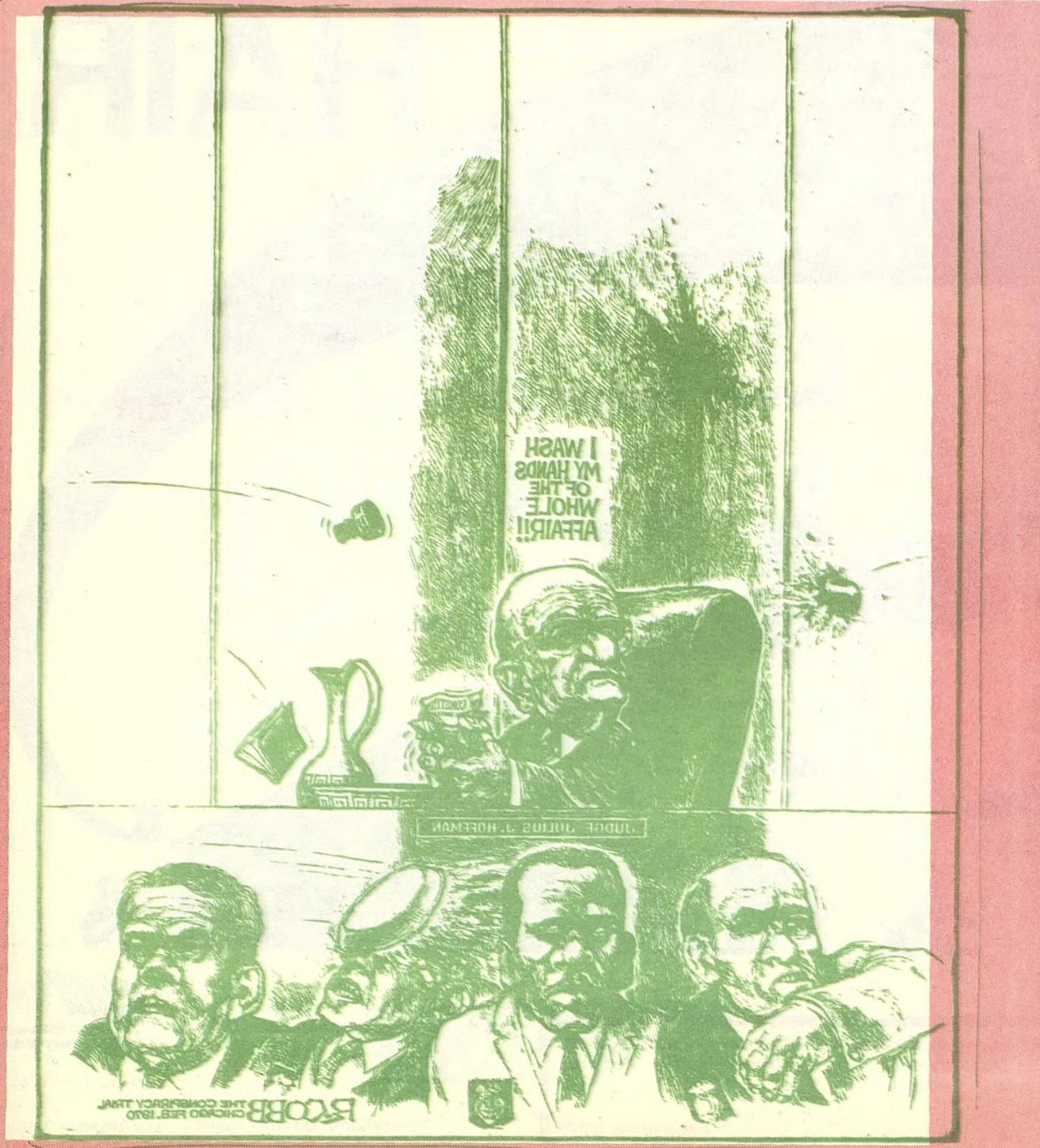
The blue-ribbon jury ruled that the 14 cops who raided the West Side apartment armed with carbines, shotguns and a machinegun acted "properly" when they shot into the sleeping body of Fred Hampton.

State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan congratulated the blue-ribbon jury.

Special Deputy Coroner Martin Gerber thanked them.

What the People are asking is—"Who gave this jury their fucking blue-ribbons?"





CHICAGO, JANUARY 29

Bobby Seale returned to the scene of Julius Hoffman's crime today.

The jury had its mind blown. Filing through the doorway like ducks on a suet-coated string, they flipped out when they turned and saw Bobby smiling down at them. One juror, who the defense calls "Bobby Seale's mother," was smiling back by the time she reached her seat.

The judge was his usual self. Julius Hoffman, who had Bobby bound, gagged, and sentenced to four years in prison, reached into his robes and pulled out the nerve to ask, "Are you Bobby Seale?" For the record of course. Julius Hoffman, who had set up the titanic November confrontations by refusing a standard continuance when attorney Charles Garry needed an emergency operation, peered down toward Garry who was in court to protect Bobby from self-incrimination, and said, "Glad to see you after all these months." Julius Hoffman, who runs his court like a basketball player trying to play all the positions at the same time, would look straight ahead and then suddenly peek over at Bobby. He wasn't too pleased that Bobby was always peeking back with a gleam in his eye that said as much as a well-aimed middle finger.

The defense subpoenaed Bobby from California to refute the idea of "conspiracy" and to remind the jury that last fall's symbol of white America's guilt was a human being rather than a radical's position paper. In a dramatic scene, attorney Bill Kunstler went around the table, put his right hand on each of the remaining seven defendants and asked "Did you know _____ prior to the Democratic Convention?" Each time Bobby's answer was the same: "Never seen him before in my life."

Being a good revolutionary, Bobby knows that different situations require different tactics. When there was an issue of rights, Bobby fought like a demon. When Hoffman ordered him silenced, Bobby made all of white Amerika conscious of its conspiracy to keep black people down by forcing an image of a bound and gagged black man onto the six o'clock news. Today, when the task was to score points with the jury and reinforce the previous message, Bobby was all smiles. Whenever he said words like "pig," he always put them into a context of being ghetto words or words spoken in the heat of battle or words justified because the subject was "a person or a policeman who is generally found violating the constitutional and human rights of the people...and who is usually found masquerading as a victim of unprovoked attack." Sometimes he even goofed on the rhetoric; when asked about police concentrations in Lincoln Park, he said "the pigs were piggyback."

The headlines read, "Polite Seale Testifies at Conspiracy Trial." Bobby knows Amerika well enough to understand that there are times when strategy dictates that the Man thinks you're buck-dancing when in fact you're winning.

But Bobby also knows that the time will come when people will dance in the streets. His Lincoln Park speech, which was played for the jury, contained many references to armed self-defense and was heavy enough to make Kunstler comment that the defense was taking a risk in calling Bobby to the stand. Garry, ever-vigilant in defense of the Panthers, worked out an arrangement with the judge which allowed him to make objections through Kunstler.

Bobby had quoted Huey Newton's definition of power—"the ability to define phenomenon and make it act in a desired manner"—and then said that Huey being charged with murder (later dropped to manslaughter, with a sentence of two-to-fifteen years being someone's idea of a compromise) meant that he had been "charged with making a couple of pigs act in a desired manner." When Asst. U.S. Attorney Schultz pressed for a statement that would have had Bobby advocating slaughtering cops, Bobby replied that the dead officer's attack on Huey had been unjust and that "the desired manner is that he's not brutalizing them no more."

A heavier exchange went down around the portion of the speech which called for arming with M-1s, pistols, magnums and whatever else which might be used to "start barbecuing some pork." After a rap with Garry in the "consultation room" (the lockup, which also serves as the defendant's bathroom now that Hoffman has barred them from leaving the courtroom area for any reason), Bobby took the Fifth Amendment. Garry justified this move by explaining that lifting this line from both the speech and the entire historical experience of the black liberation struggle would force Bobby to cast an aura of guilt on himself if he answered Schultz's questions. For those of you who have been in the ozone for the last six months, Bobby will be retried on conspiracy charges before Hoffman this coming April.

Like nearly every other defense witness, Bobby was not allowed to talk about the reasons for his organization or his actions. He could not discuss the Ten Point Program or the free breakfast and medical aid programs which the Panthers have initiated across the country. He could not say who Fred Hampton was. He could not discuss the nuances of ghetto speech, even though scholarly journals have been grinding out paper after paper on the differences between standard English and the language of the colony. (Try an experiment: tape record a half-hour of yourself talking, play it back for

the whole truth

JUDGE JULIUS HOFFMAN'S COURTROOM, FEB. 2, 1970—

THE COURT: There have been several witnesses called here during this trial—I need not mention their names—whose testimony the court ruled could not even be presented to the jury—singers, performers, and former office holders. I think in the light of the representations made by you unequivocally, sir, with no reference to Dr. Abernathy, I will deny your motion that we hold—

MR. KUNSTLER: I want to comment on this, your Honor, because I think what you have just said is about the most outrageous statement I have ever heard from a bench, and I am going to say my piece right now, and you can hold me in contempt right now if you wish to.

You have violated every principle of fair play when you excluded Ramsey Clark from that witness stand. The New York Times, among others, has called it the ultimate outrage in American justice.

VOICES: Right on.

MR KUNSTLER: I am outraged to be in this Court before you. Now because I made a statement on Friday that I had only a camera man, and I discovered on Saturday that Ralph Abernathy, who is the chairman of the Mobilization, is in town, and can be here, and because you took a whole day from us on Thursday by

29→

Bullshit

Wednesday afternoon, February 4, in Julius Hoffman's circus. James Riordan, a deputy chief of police, was testifying. About Dave Dellinger.

Suddenly: "Bullshit!" shouted Dellinger in a joking manner, but his voice came down heavier and heavier. "Let's argue about what I stand for and what you stand for, but let's not tell lies. When this is all over, the judge will go to Florida and if he has his way, we will all go to jail for ten years and that's what we're fighting. Not just for ourselves, but for everyone else in the country."

"He's damn right!," shouted a spectator as he raised his fist high at the court.

"Take that man into custody," demanded the judge. And so, as other spectators hissed, 22-year-old Mike Mirsky, a student from Miami, was escorted from the courtroom.

Nothing more said by Uncle Julius, until....

The jury had been dismissed for the day when Uncle Julius began reading a bedtime story from a law-book. "If a trial is disturbed or impeded, bail can be revoked..." Nine marshalls stood just inside the courtroom door, and suddenly they all started coming for Dellinger. Abbie Hoffman rushed in front of them to protect Dave. Down on Abbie. Down on Bob Lamb of the Conspiracy office, who had been standing by the side door. Handcuffs flashed. "Here, take me," said a just-beaten Bob as he raised his wrists to the harness.

"Leave him alone," screamed Anita Hoffman, as she watched them beat on her husband. Down on Anita.

Kunstler kept asking the judge for a dialogue.

"No."

"This is an outrage. Is there decency here?"

NO.

Rennie: "This court is bullshit. I say it too."

Jerry: "Take us all."

Tom: "You can jail the revolutionary, but you can't jail the Revolution."

Rennie: "You'll have to take me too. You can't separate us."

All Defendants: "TAKE US ALL."

Nancy Kurshan: "Right on!"

The marshalls grab her.

Jerry: "Hey, what are you doing with her? That's my wife. Take your hands off her!"

Kunstler: "You brought this on yourself, your honor. This is exactly like it was at the Convention."

Abbie: "You're a disgrace to the Jews. You should be working for the Nazis!"

The other defendants said their good-byes to Dave as he was led off to jail — maybe not to reappear for 10 or 15 years — with tears in his eyes.

And he wasn't the only one who left the courtroom crying.

S. Jane

HAIR



Marshall Rosenthal

It is seven degrees above zero, and the Chicago company, Pottawatomi Tribe, of "Hair" sings "Let The Sun Shine In" for the 100th time. The mothers of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark sit in the Coroner's Inquest for the ninth day as Hair, the tribal love-rock musical, sings "Let The Sun Shine In" for the 100th time. The Conspiracy 7 receives about their tenth contempt of court citation as Hair sings "Let The Sun Shine In" for the 100th time. And this is only the "dawning" of the Age of Aquarius.

Hair is the first costume period-piece of the New Age. What might have been exciting theater three years ago Off-Broadway is now a hippie hellzapoppin for Tulsa tourists. The 100th performance of Hair was the first one that Seedlings saw. Free tickets from the publicity office of the Pottawatomi Tribe enabled us to afford the ten dollar seats.

The last musical comedy I saw live was "Gypsy." Hair is better entertainment. The last live theater performance I saw was the Living Theater's "Paradise Now." Hair is a descendant of Gypsy, a very distant closer cousin of Paradise Now.

These comparisons are meant to be extreme—we can see Gypsy-like performances each Saturday on the vestigial Jackie Gleason Show performed by dinosaurs for the B'nai B'rith ladies of Miami Beach; we would hope that our longhaired brothers and sisters in the Hair cast would dramatically reflect the reality surrounding us more in line with Julian Beck's vision than Michael Butler's corporate myopia.

Example: The thin thread that holds the story together concerns a young hippie who is about to be drafted. (Time moves so swiftly now that a draftcard burning seems like something out of the Roaring Twenties . . . In the final scene, his hair is short, he is in uniform, and he is dead. In a most moving tableau, the cast gathers around him, "black and white together," and sings "Let The Sun Shine In" as a dirge. So much action had revolved around this lovable hippie and now he is dead—Of war. In Vietnam. I felt my catharsis rising and dabbed my cynical eyes. But too soon . . .

[Following is an exchange of correspondence between The American Tribal Love Rock Musical and the Sundance Nation.]

February 6, 1970

Homeward HAIR
The American Tribal Love Rock Musical
Shubert Theater, Room 1501
22 West Monroe Street
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

As a result of your unauthorized exploitation of our life-style, to wit: our music, language, dress, hair style, and SOME of our attitudes toward the oppressor culture; and your use of the Chicago indigenous alternative-culture newspaper, the Seed, in your pig production, it has been decided by the chieftains of the Chicago tribes: Seed, YIP, White Panthers, and many other affiliated tribes and families, that you be assessed One Million Dollars (\$1,000,000) in taxes for the development of Earth People's Park and related programs.

Enclosed please find tax bill.

ALL POWER TO THE TAXMAN!!!
[signed] Sundance Nation
c/o CHICAGO SEED
2551 North Halsted
Chicago, Illinois 60614

December 23, 1969

The Seed Publishing Company
837 North LaSalle Street [sic]
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

As a result of the published ad using two of our cast members and the HAIR logo which appeared in the October 1969 issue of the Seed without proper authorization by the Homeward HAIR Company, we have now been officially notified by Actors Equity that each person involved must be paid \$50 for their services. The photo used was of Ursula Kairson and Michael Meadows. We have also been notified by the wardrobe master, Robert Boehm, that he is to receive one half of his weekly salary. (See attached) [One-half is \$112.00]

Because the ad was unauthorized, we feel that it is the responsibility of your firm to prove to the union that the actors have received payment in that amount or more. If this has not yet been done, we would appreciate receiving payment for each Equity member involved as soon as possible.

The costs involved will be \$212, which is \$50 for each cast member plus \$112 for Robert Boehm.
If this has not been paid, please remit immediately to Homeward HAIR.

Sincerely yours,
[signed] Ken Myers
Company Manager
Homeward HAIR

"Everybody on the stage!" The musical tempo stepping up, a Shubert discotheque inviting Maw and Paw up on the stage with the hippies in order to bring stories back to the supermarkets and offices of the nation. Where had I seen this twist before, I wondered? Now I have the answer.

It's the "always leave em laughing" showbiz philosophy which operates at least 15 times a day on every television newscast. It's that little wry or ironic anecdote which is the final news item following Nixon, Israel, Biafra, pollution, corruption, Black Panthers, Conspiracy, Pinkville, and the closing Dow Jones averages. In the end, there is no difference between Hair and ABC News' Joel Daly.

The cast members of Hair earn about \$250 a week before taxes. Michael Butler, polo playing Hair producer, earns much more. You don't have to be a Marxist muscleman to recognize exploitation. Yet, many of the cast members are "professional" actors and actresses who are caught up in the same insurance mentality that Haight-Ashbury was born to bury. Again, it's the Calvinist Savings Principle in which you put off until tomorrow the joy you can have today. Life is not peaches and cream, there are certain things you have to do which are undesirable but necessary. And if you do them for only a while, you'll be more able (read "richer" or "freer") to do that which you really want to do. The Insurance Mentality or Calvinist Savings Principle is also known as "Liberalism."

So, some cast members are "saving" for bigger and better roles in showbiz. Others are saving for college. None, as far as we could determine are Spending Now.

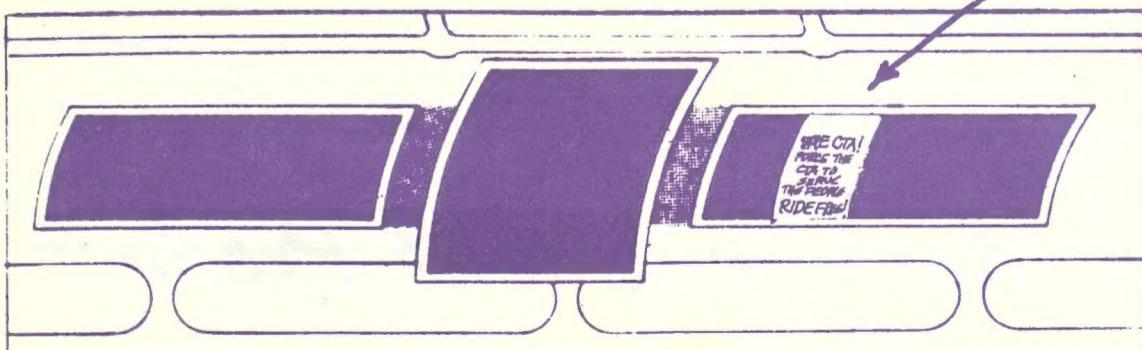
One lovely sister in the cast argued that Hair IS making a DIFFERENCE. She likes to go into the lobby after the show and talk with the People, she said. Once a matron came up to her and told her that seeing Hair has brought her to understand youth.

"But tell me one thing," said the matron as she fumbled with her love beads, "do you go bra-less off-stage, too?!"

FREE CTA! FORCE THE CTA TO SERVE THE PEOPLE RIDE FREE!

YOUR AD IN THIS SPACE--\$7,632 A MONTH

Cut on dotted lines, paste on cardboard and insert in Bus or Train ad-space **HERE**



The CTA's Phone Number is 664-7200
 The CTA's Trustees can be contacted at:
 The First National Bank
 1 First National Plaza
 Chicago, 60610
 att: Vice-Presidents
 Christopher W. Wilson
 or Robert Manchester

Walter J. McCarter of Post Office Box 1964, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, 00801, phone 774-0586, was the first general manager of the Chicago Transit Authority. He is now the advisor to CTA bondholders.

The First National Bank of Chicago is the trustee for the bondholders.

The CTA fare increase will not provide better service or safety to riders or higher wages to workers. It will pay interest on and retire the bonds.

In 1945, the city of Chicago established the CTA and authorized it to borrow money by issuing 105 million dollars worth of bonds. Revenues were to be used first for operating costs and second to pay off bonds. The last revenue priority was "modernization," even though the elevated lines and equipment were already 20 years old.

The sixth multi-million dollar bond issue is now being planned. Heading the "Citizens' Commission" to investigate CTA's financial needs is Homer Livingston, former president of the First National Bank. Homer Livingston cannot be found on the Jackson Park train at 5 p.m.

CTA officials claim that the proposed fare increase is necessary to offset wage increases. This is not true. Wage increases could be paid for out of the twenty-five million dollar difference between CTA operating expenses (\$140 million/year) and CTA revenue (\$170 million/year). What the CTA people are really saying is that they need that \$25 million--and more--to pay interest on long-ago bonds. These bonds are owned by persons and corporations and are administered almost exclusively by the First National and Harris Trust banks. The owners reap in the interest, the banks collect the exchange fees, the riders get screwed.

The people who own the bonds don't take the train to Sox Park or Wrigley Field. Or the Art Institute, or the movies, or the neighborhood. They certainly don't ride the L to work. They hear the word "transfer" and think it has to do with bonds instead of the way you get from the train to the bus. They are willing to milk the transit system dry and turn Chicago back into a collection of small towns so they can make some bucks.

Arlo Guthrie testified at the Conspiracy Trial awhile back. Arlo Guthrie sings "Alice's Restaurant." His father Woody was a little heavier. Woody Guthrie used to sing a song called "The Ballad of Pretty Boy Floyd."

"Some rob you with a six-gun,
 Some with a fountain pen..."

When the fare went up ten cents in New York City (from twenty to thirty cents, mind you), here's what the people did:

1. Got to the platforms by entering through the exit gates.

2. Held train doors open and shouted "Come on" to the people on the other side of the turnstiles.

3. People who could get away with it got their friends in high schools to buy cheap bus and train passes.

4. People at the other end of the age spectrum borrowed each other's golden age subway discount cards.

5. Artists silk-screened posters and stood at subway entrances. The most popular was one which said "Break On Through To The Other Side" and showed a pair of smashed subway doors.

6. Guerilla theater troupes conga-lined down subway stairs into crowded stations. They used pom-poms and megaphones to cheer on turnstile jumpers and exorcised the evil spirits that were bleeding five-and-a-half million people for their spare change.

7. Two trainloads of working people refused to get off at "the last stop." The conductor, the motorman and the Transit Authority cops had conferences, the people refused to move, and the trains went a little closer to the neighborhoods where most of the people on board lived. "You pay more, you deserve more."

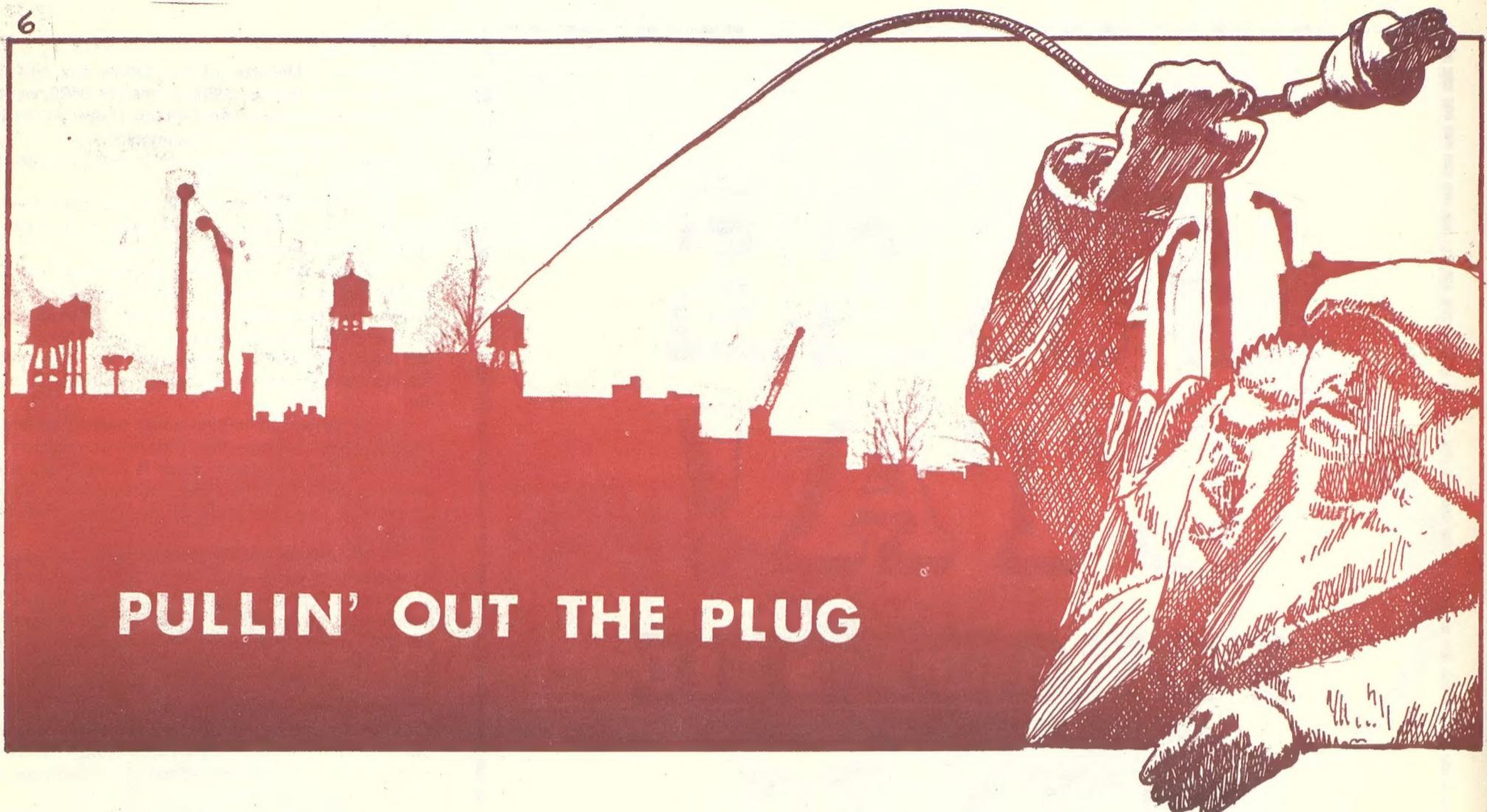
8. Ordinary people rebelling against paying more for riding crumpled up against each other in filthy, smelly surroundings and chanting "Don't pay! Don't pay!"

9. Kids holding rear bus doors open for little old ladies to scamper on for free.

10. The occupants of a subway car smashed every window in the car when a train stalled for a half-hour and everybody had to walk along a dark catwalk for 500 feet on the day the new fare went into effect.

The Second City's transit lines should no longer run for the First National Bank's benefit.

Free the CTA! Free rides for all!



PULLIN' OUT THE PLUG

One hundred and fifty thousand General Electric workers across the country are out on strike. 3,600 GE Hotpoint workers here in Cicero have been out for three months. What does this mean to us?

The cost of living is going up for everybody — rent, food, bus fare — you name it, it costs more now. The people that run GE and other big companies like are the ones that are causing inflation. During the 1960's, GE profits went up over 200%. Over the last contract period, the wages of Hotpoint workers didn't even keep up with inflation. During the same three years, GE profits were \$2 billion — or \$14,000 for every striking worker.

The workers are asking for a 35-cent-an-hour wage increase over six months, while the company has made only one offer during the entire strike — 20 cents an hour for 12 months. In 1969, the 86 top officials of GE received 10 million dollars; \$120,000 per boss. So who is causing and benefitting from inflation?

GE is the nation's fourth largest corporation. It is also the number two government contractor — The Defense Department accounts for 20% of GE sales. GE bosses support the war both because of extra loot they get through government spending and because of opportunities it opens up for them to exploit cheap labor in Asia.

In the U.S., GE has threatened to move its plants overseas whenever workers have shown signs of fighting the company. Since one-quarter of GE's workers are overseas, producing \$791,000,000 worth of goods annually, the company can use these workers against their American brothers and sisters to continue production during the strike.

GE workers have been seeing through the government's lies about the "national interest" and "inflationary wage demands". Despite what you have been reading in the newspapers, the workers are still out as of this writing, and no final contract has been ratified. At Hotpoint, here in Chicago, negotiations have been temporarily stopped, awaiting the possibility of a nationwide settlement.

They have been continuing the strike even though in many plants this has meant stopping production of war materials.

The government has sided with the company and played its usual anti-labor role. The courts have issued injunctions limiting picketing at Hotpoint to ten pickets at a gate. The cops have arrested and beaten striking workers. The government has used the poverty program to try and force unemployed workers to scab on the strike (as part of on-the-job training). The Welfare Department has sent clients to scab under the threat of being thrown off welfare.

"Progress is our most important product" is GE's slogan. The fact of the matter is that profits are the only real product that GE is interested in. General Electric makes a 51% profit on each lightbulb it sells, and it has the market practically cornered. Not only that, but the lightbulbs we buy today burn out sooner than those GE made in 1932. In 1933, GE spent a lot on research to find out how to make a bulb that would burn out faster.

Profits are what GE is about. In 1940, GE was dealing with the Krupp armament manufacturers in Nazi Germany — at the same time that Krupp bombs were pouring

down on England and France. At the same time that the Krupps were using Concentration Camp slave labor to run their plants.

Real wages have been declining for U.S. workers since 1964, and workers around the country are in a mood to fight back. Figures from the Department of Labor show that there were over 4,700 strikes in 1968 (with 42,400,000 man-days lost) as compared to an annual average of 3,466 strikes (18,600,000 man-days lost) in the 1960-1964 period. This increased strike activity reflects, among other things, the growing militancy of black workers around the country, who have led many of the walk-outs.

It has taken all-out unity of Black, white, Latino workers, men and women, skilled and unskilled, immigrant and native-born workers to continue the GE strike this long. The racism that the company counts on to keep the workers apart can be overcome. The bosses always try to play off oppressed and exploited people against each other. The bloodsuckers who run GE want to divide and rule. But so far, at Hotpoint, it hasn't worked.

One way racism has been used was a series of ads on WVON and WGRT urging black workers to return to work, suggesting that the strike was almost over and that many were returning to work (the ads were run around Christmas time). When we called WVON 1 complain about the Hotpoint ads, nobody much wanted to talk to us. When we called WGRT, the station manager (who said he had received several hundred complaints) said that he didn't like the ads either, but that an FCC rule prohibited him from turning down any paid ad. There is no such rule, according to the Chicago office of the FCC.

The union bureaucrats have been handing out a meager \$25 a week in strike benefits on which no one can feed a family and deducting union dues right off the top! Union dues at Hotpoint have increased during the strike. In addition, the union leadership has been helping the company and the government to enforce the injunction limiting picketing. In short, the union leaders are preparing a sell-out and helping to demoralize the strikers.

The giant US corporations, in their never-ending search for maximum profits, would like nothing better than to stem the tide of labor militancy. GE, in particular, is pulling out all the stops in an effort to break this strike. If GE succeeds, other corporations will be encouraged to turn the screws against their workers a little bit tighter — and workers in auto and steel, who might go out later this year, will be discouraged from waging a real fight.

A committee of solidarity to support the GE-Hotpoint strikers was formed three weeks ago at a meeting of 150 people at Circle Campus. The committee is composed of rank and file workers, students, professionals and others who support the strike. People have been going door-to-door in their neighborhoods and leafleting at shopping centers to explain the issues involved in the strike and to raise food and money to support the strikers. For further information, call: 667-3552 (Hyde Park), 721-1209 (Far South), and 472-4838 or 664-3556 (North Side). Help GE workers win their strike!

Bernie Cobb-Farber

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL



ELECTRIC

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to balls

material desired material
material desired material

PEOPLE'S PARK SOUTH SIDE STYLE

Johnnie and Doris Moss began to buy their house nine years ago. The price; \$31,950. The Moss's, feeling the price too high and the terms unreasonable, joined with some 200 other members of the Contract Buyers League in withholding their payments from the realtor.

Last week 150 helmeted, shotgun-wielding sheriff's deputies smashed into the Moss' south-side home and dragged their furniture into the street. No sooner had Joe Woods' Gestapo executed their retreat than 200 or so CBL members moved in tight formation on the house.

Unimpressed by the twenty rent-a-pigs assigned to keep the house "secure" from within, the racially-mixed contingent of Contract Buyers, all of whom had been blatantly cheated in their purchases from white realtors, battered down the front door which had been boarded up by the occupying force inside and repossessed their brother's property.

Shots heard coming from the house failed to frighten off the crowd and the guards filed out between a double line of the CBLers. A black guard saluted the people with clenched fist.

The crowd then returned Johnnie Moss' furniture and his house to him.

The entire people's moving operation was done under the watchful eye of about 25 uniformed cops who stood by without raising a finger. The reason for the police passivity, says Deputy Superintendant James Riordan: "We didn't receive no complaint about it." Sheriff Joe made the authorities position even clearer, stating: "My office's obligation to evict the Moss', under court orders has ended." The moving job is estimated to have cost the county \$25,000.



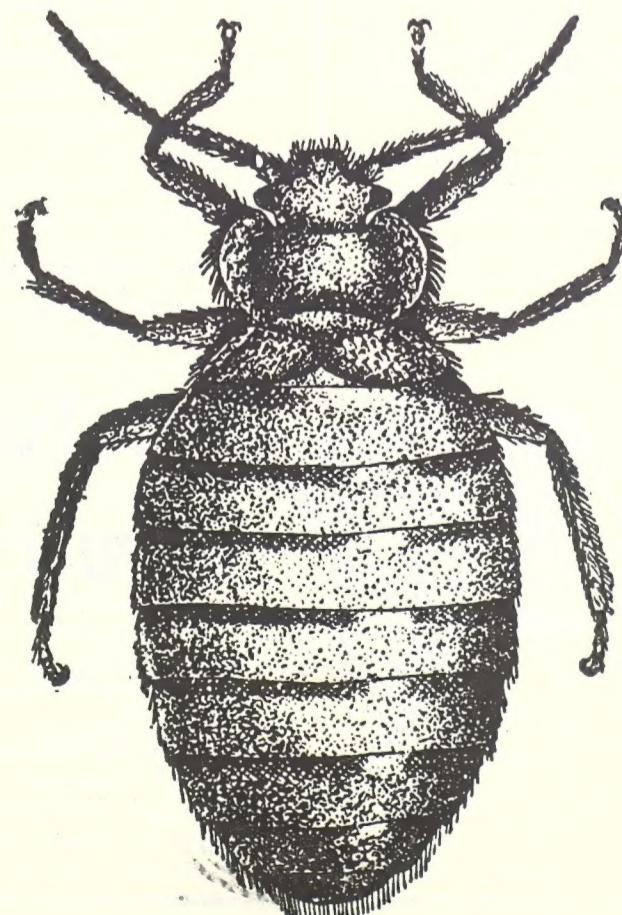
SCHOOL DAZE

Southern Illinois University was the site of a series of clashes over the responsibility of the University's Center For Vietnamese Studies. Demanding the establishment of a student-faculty review board to insure that the center deals with the needs of the Vietnamese people instead of those of Amerikan business interests, over 200 demonstrators massed on the steps of Woody Hall. Nine were arrested when state troopers were called in by University president Delyte W. Morris.

Members of the student body revealed later that week that President Morris, who was investigated last fall for having a \$1,000,000 mansion built on campus without the approval of state education officials, has given an office in Woody Hall over to Mrs. Herbert Marshall, wife of the drama department's visiting professor, so that she can sculpt a six-foot statue of him (Morris). According to SIU's assistant news director, "she wanted to do a statue of (Morris) because she thought he was a great man."

The nine arrests followed the arrest of six other students for carrying out a sentence against a professor at the Center who was found guilty of "war crimes" by a collegiate jury. The students had gone to the professor's classroom and given him his "just desserts"--a barrage of cream pies.

Commenting on President Morris' calling in the state police, one student remarked, "Delyte was Chicken."



STRIKE 2

Judge G. Harold Carswell, Tricky Dick's second-choice nominee to the Supreme Court bench, is a man of few but meaningless words (i.e. "I don't understand young people sometimes and sometimes I do."). Oh yes and he is also not a racist. Least ways that's what he told (under oath no less) the Senate Judiciary Committee last week.

Carswell, who became the target of controversy when a white-supremacy speech he made in 1948 came to light, admitted that he had made the speech--"and I suppose I believed it at the time"--but said that 22 years of history had precipitated "vast changes in my thinking and in the South in general."

The 50-year-old judge, a noted expert in the field of jurisPUDence, came under fire last Friday on a second front when a congresswoman from Hawaii and the president of the National Organization for Women accused Carswell not only of racism but also of "sexism." They cited his assent to a decision of the 5th U.S. Court of Appeals, which held that a company policy denying job training opportunities to mothers of preschool children did not fall within the anti-discrimination provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

"Too long has America permitted male dominance of our society to determine the manner in which women are given the right of equal protection under the law," the two women asserted. "Male supremacy, like white supremacy, is equally repugnant to those who really believe in equality."

Joseph Raugh, a Washington civil rights attorney, spoke of Carswell's civil rights records as being even worse than that of Ole Clem Haynsworth, Nixon's first unsuccessful choice for the Federal Bench.

DOW SHALT NOT...

The Dow Chemical Company, famous baddies from way back, has been trying to spread the idea that they are no longer involved with napalm. Simply not true. A Dow subsidiary in the Lower Saxony region is presently involved in building a factory to make the stuff. In fact, the West German government is coming across with a \$40 million subsidy to help out.

BILLY GRAHAM SEZ:

"I sometimes put on a false moustache and beard, in order to get a true picture of what's going on. This is the way Jeezus did it, he went to where the people were." Look out Woodstock, here comes Billy.

MICHAELANGELO ANTONIONI SEZ:

"We should distinguish between the two kinds of violence. If someone is violent towards those who seek freedom, that's bad. But if those who seek freedom use violence to achieve it that's good. Fuck ethics."

KILLER DOPE

United Press International reports that Army medical advisors believe that up to 30% of all GIs in Vietnam have smoked marijuana, and that afterward some "have even committed murder."

"Marijuana is readily available to anyone at many Vietnamese roadside stands," wrote Colonel John Koravik in a letter published in the Congressional record. "Because of its accessibility, it is a great credit to the strength of character and maturity of the average GI that its use, either on a one time basis or on a constant basis, is as low as it is."

Koravik did not document his charges about men committing murder while "high."

Blind Al met a sweet young thing at Oxford's Pub 'bout a week ago. Overcome with the joy of love, he invited her to his lair, wherein they made passionate love throughout the night. Although truly young, it turns out that she was the antithesis of sweet (i.e. fresh, clean) and had planted upon Blind Al the seeds of a noxious creature. Hence the benificent Blind one must at this time cease his beneficence and go into the morning damp seeking relief from the painful wrath of the wretched beast. He must be saved from the parasite, which even now, eats away at his very essence.

Scratch, Scratch, scratch,
Blind Al

UP AGAINST THE WALRUS

Ron Lucas, the Editor of the underground newspaper the Walrus in Champaign, Ill., was recently indicted by an East St. Louis Grand Jury for destroying his selective service notice. Lucas publicly destroyed his draft papers along with four other men in a Resistance anti-draft action in December 1967. The jury chose not to indict the other participants. The feeling in Champaign is that the jury chose to single out Lucas at this late date in order to silence the paper.

"THE MAN CAN'T BUST OUR MUSIC" Columbia Records 1969--NEW ORLEANS--"Well, they did." The Grateful Dead

The Grateful Dead were among a haul of nineteen arrested January 31st in Louisiana's sunny Mardi Gras capital on charges of possession of narcotics and dangerous non-narcotic drugs. Along with the Dead was the man who got the whole thing going, Augustus Owsley Stanley. Owsley's originally white tabs gave thousands of Americans the opportunity of seeing beyond the myth. Owsley was recently sentenced to three years in prison after being convicted of possessing a monster stash.

DRAFT BOARD BINGO!

"I have no doubt that men with the number 366 will be drafted in Michigan and elsewhere in the country this year." --- Michigan State Selective Service Director Arthur A. Holmes.

The numbers game that we all were in a couple of months back turns out to be the biggest shuck ever, coming from folks known for their shuckin' and jivin'. The number turns out to be just candy coating on the pill. You still have to swallow it. Something like 49% of those called are "physically, mentally and/or morally unfit to serve", while another 10% just don't bother to show up. (One recent week in Oakland, 250 were called, 130 showed up, and 40 refused induction!) The result of all this is that they have to take nearly everyone who is able and at least not unwilling to go. Meaning: Git yourself a bona-fide inspected rejected deferment. If you've got one, don't give it up just because you've got a safe number. There is no such thing as safety.

"A number in the 300's definitely does not guarantee freedom from the draft here" --- Illinois State Selective Service Director.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

Got any idea what you'd do or where you'd go if your boyfriend split?
 Know any women you respect?
 Any women you really like?
 Any women you think are as interesting as men?

Being free in a society based on social, political, and economic oppression isn't easy. Just beginning to be "liberated now" requires a type of consciousness and collective effort that we've only started to experience. The process, for a woman, is part of the whole process of liberation, but is at the same time unique. Her oppression, because she is a woman is the most pervasive, destructive and in some ways the most subtle that Amerika has to offer. It unites women across class and race lines...by destroying them

All of us can see the symbols. A dress code telling us our skirts can't be too short and a magazine selling nudity. A deep-rooted morality condemning our sensuality and a movie selling our sexuality. Old wives' tales about "the curse" and fairy tales about the castle. Many of us can't deal with the myths behind the symbols because we're taught to believe in them. We're taught to believe in our own inferiority. We're taught to accept the necessity and rightness of our own oppression.

We grow up hearing that it's healthiest for us to have lots of girlfriends. We must love girlfriends. We must compete with girlfriends for boyfriends. We must win that object, man, and we're forced to hate other girls to do it.

We're taught how to be feminine, emotional, incompetent, stupid, weak -- WOMEN. We hear that we should "wonder about ourselves" if we flunk the course. We feel quiet rage if we pass, guilt if we don't.

We learn that Amerika's heroes are masculine, rational, powerful, intelligent, and strong -- MEN. We can intellectualize that the hero's accomplishments are bullshit, but we internalize the values, the oppressors' sexist values, by the same mechanism that blacks internalize whites' racist values. We feel contempt toward men, toward our sisters, toward ourselves.

We watch our mothers work at the lowest of occupational prestige and income levels. They may work at clerical jobs at which they earn, on the average, \$1600 less than men doing the same work, or at service and operative jobs at which they earn \$1900 less. And we know they are not working for pin money or self-fulfillment, but for necessary wages. We watch them come home to their other job of household labor and child-care -- a job which, in a society based on commodity production, is usually not even considered "real work". We learn that this is our natural economic and social role, and we learn how the society values it.

Or we watch our mothers comprise the surplus labor force, which is essential to the economy and non-essential to everything else, and the market for home-related commodities, which is essential to those making a profit from whiter-than-white whites and glamorized daily chores.

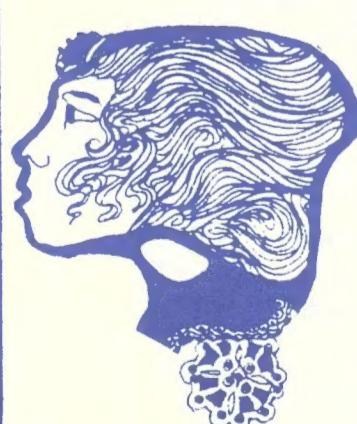
In either case, we watch them prop up the egos of our fathers, who in turn feel the symptoms of being exploited in the man's work world. They do this by becoming servants and sponges, by personifying the myth that man's work is significant and theirs is trivial, and by enacting the myth that women's needs must be secondary. Paradoxically, this can only be done by women giving up their usual dependency and by gratuitously assuming the selfless earth mother role. We wonder if any woman's head can resolve the contradiction.

We go to high school to get background and to business school or college to get a skill in case we don't get married or in case something happens to our husband. We learn to cheer at the sidelines. We become the holders and the

"Z" rates 'A' as an exciting suspense drama."
 —Sam Lesner, Daily News



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"One cannot like an aspect of oneself which one always tries to keep concealed."
 —Albert Camus, *Caligula*

Gay Liberation has arrived in Chicago.
 It took awhile to get to the center of repression and corrupt politics.

Chicago's homosexual community can no longer endure subjugation by the underworld and an ignorant public which does not truly understand human sexual behavior.

As productive members of society we intend to enjoy those rights which are denied us by the present system. We want to dance and shout in the streets about the pride we have in our sexuality.

Previous notions of morality are being put to the test by some of science's achievements—notably advances in social psychology and The Pill. We have had a chance to get to the heart of the matter.

We in the homosexual community have been forced to take a closer look at the relationship people have to the population problem, and the problems involved in trying to understand the role of sex in our lives.

Admittedly, we're a little smug about population problems.

People today must rethink the population problem and the way they relate to one another. People today must be true to themselves and yet not restrict other's needs and desires.

We are going to have to deal with the situation if we are to truly know mankind. We are going to have to stand up and be counted for what we are if we are not to place a premium on deception. The people must be liberated to enjoy the good—not the sheltered-life.

It is wrong to deny a person their right to express their personal and sexual feelings toward others.

We must share the feelings we have toward others. This is basic to human nature, for no person can be fulfilled without an understanding of his fellows.

Come out of the closet, brothers and sisters. Join us.

Dan Boroff

(Regular meetings of Gay Liberation, a militant-activist group of male and female homosexuals, bisexuals and homophiles, are held each Sunday. Call 955-7433 for more information.

Gay Liberation at the University of Chicago is interested in the liberation of the people of the straight and gay communities. We dig a good rap session and we've been having a lot of them lately. UC's radio station had us rap at a recent roundtable discussion. We'll be on Studs Terkel's WFMT show soon.

We're getting the Liberation word out to the people.)

That Hair
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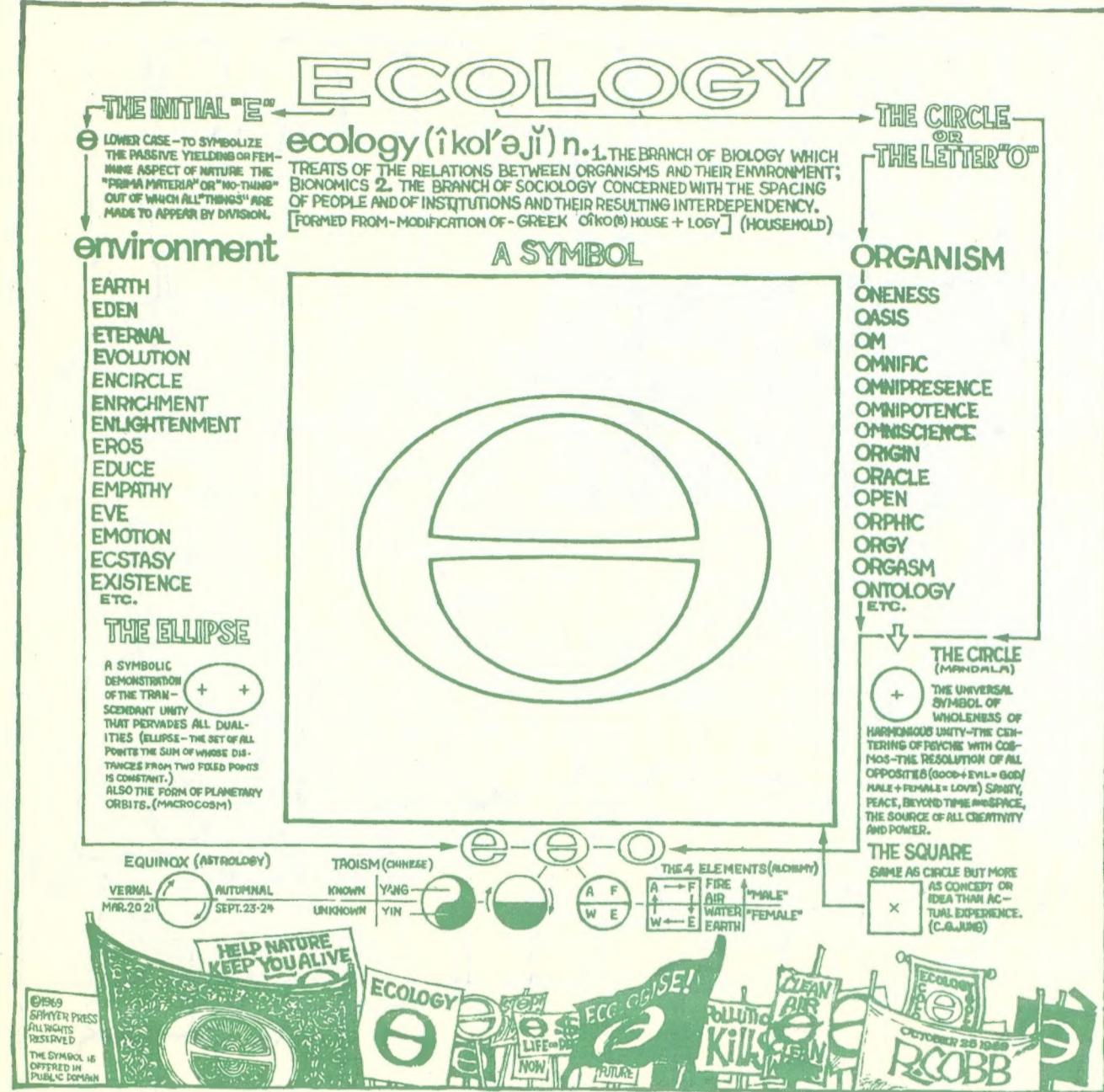
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ECOLOGY AND REVOLUTION



REVOLUTION

You can no longer talk about society, especially its future, without using the word ecology at some point. Ecology is one of those intriguing instances where the title of a science has through popularization become synonymous with the phenomenon it describes. Ecology is for us no longer the science of the interrelatedness of organisms and their environment has in a sense become aware of an awareness.

Whether used to describe a science or a phenomena, ecology is anything but a neutral word. It has become synonymous with crisis.

Although human history is prefaced by man's awareness of his natural environment; although history can be seen clearly as man's struggle to manipulate nature or adapt himself, modern man today acts like he just discovered nature for the first time...and in one sense he has. For several centuries industrial civilization, intoxicated by the mythology of Progress and blinded by its own reflection, has blundered forth across the globe, contaminating whatever it couldn't consume. Nature was a reluctant mistress to be conquered and whored. At no point was natures terrifying capacity for revenge ever imagined or anticipated.

So today man is alarmed to discover that with his grand tower only half finished, the foundation is shifting. While that may tickle some people's sense of Christian justice, I personally take nosatisfaction in the approaching disaster.

In one sense there is no such thing as an ecological crisis. Natural interrelationships are shifting, yes, but then they always have. We do not speak of the massive ecological transformation which climaxed the Mesozoic Era as a crisis, except, perhaps for the dinosaur.

Crisis is an emotional description of an objective event. If this is a crisis, for whom or what is it a crisis.

For example, accumulated DDT may threaten carnivorous vertebrates but the insects for whom it was originally intended have adapted. They do not (any longer) face a crisis.

Nor is this a crisis for the human species. Although millions upon millions of individuals may very well perish, the race, bless its persistent little heart will continue on. You or I could, though with much initial discomfort, survive.

The present ecological shift is not a crisis so much for the species of man as it is for a species of society. It is a specific type of social organization, not physiological organization, which is endangered, and it is by viewing the environment from the perspective of this specific society that we have chosen to declare an emergency. That society is the centralized industrial state, particularly capitalism.

REVOLUTION: EVOLUTION

Human beings relate to their environment through the medium of social organization. Bring a child up in a wolf-pack and he'll relate to the world as a wolf. Raise him in capitalistic society and he will relate as...well, as some other kind of carnivore.

Social behavior, internalized in individual attitudes and externalized in social institutions, is the mode of adaption for human beings. In categorizing the stages of evolutionary change, zoologists pinpoint species. In evolution particular species may disappear while a certain set of defining characteristics persist in a new, adapted species. Likewise with social evolution, specific sets of social institutions may succumb to their own limitations but certain characteristics survive, establishing a cultural continuity and the survival of the species.

The collapse of institutions, just like the extinction of species is integral to this evolutionary transition. Cultural characteristics which are inextricably bound to specific institutions, like over-specialized species, are in the greatest danger of disappearance. Cultures which although manifested at any historical moment in special

institutions, are flexible enough to survive the collapse of those institutions are most likely to persist.

The point of all of this is to say that the death of institutions does not spell the end either of cultures or the species. Indeed, because of their specialization and, therefore limitations, institutions are doomed to relatively brief lives. Their dissolution is essential to the process of cultural change and adaptation. Man adapts to his fluid environment by means of succeeding generations of institutions. This unique mechanism is what has allowed man to somehow survive.

Less teleologically, it should be noted that it is this same mechanism which by the rapid alterations in the social and natural environments it causes, has induced the ever-accelerating demand for social adaption.

That set of institutions which define capitalism possess their own intrinsic limitations of awareness and action. The fundamental processes of this society, the economy, are structured around the transference and accumulation of capital. Capital is nothing more than the index of potential production. But in capitalism that potential becomes real only where there is in production the potential of generating more capital. The basic priority of capitalism then is not the production of actual goods but the production of additional capital. The flow of capital is thus the basic rhythm of this society with which all other social activity is synchronized.

Baby simple. Freshman economics texts will go to absurd lengths to demonstrate that the flow of capital determined by this index of profit is an accurate index of social need. But, are those areas where production can generate more capital the only areas where production is needed. The experience of people who live under capitalism but do not themselves control any capital tends to indicate that the answer is no.

The present ecological crisis further indicates capitalism.

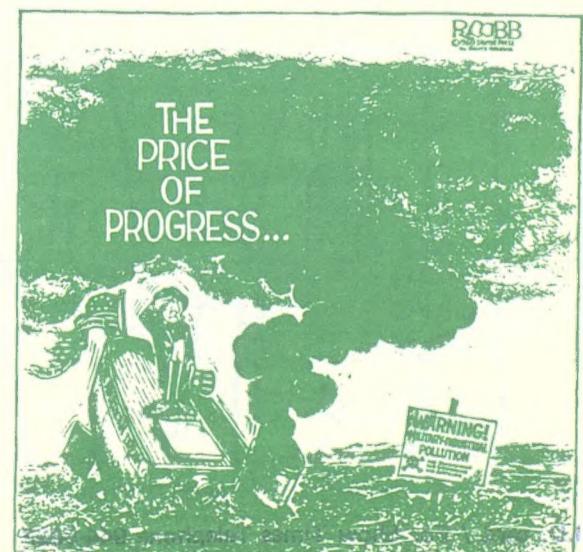
A social awareness focused solely on the maximization of capital has blinded capitalistic society to forces which do not directly or immediately affect capital. Thus American manufacturers have ignored pollution and resource depletion because there was no space for such factors in their corporate ledgers.

It is only now after the natural environment has already been irreversibly altered that the economic and political institutions have abruptly become aware of the dark forms hovering in their peripheral vision. Now when it is too late for them.

The ecological crisis is a crisis for capitalism. It was brought on by the proper behavior of good capitalists. Through the normal conduct of its natural bodily functions capitalism has transformed the world into a place where capitalism is no longer viable. By exhausting the resources needed for capital-producing industry and by poisoning the centers of production capitalism has precipitated its own collapse not, as the liberals say, by "soiling its own nest" but by killing its host.

The collapse of capitalism and thus of much of the existing world order threatens also to rend assunder the fabric of industrial civilization. While capitalism is not the only form of industrial organization it is the most powerful and in many ways the most advanced. Nor are those other systems of European and oriental socialism, untroubled by similar problems. Much of this present crisis can be attributed to the broader limitations and flaws of the centralized industrial state. Concomitant with the concentration of social awareness and power in institutions is an intrinsic and fatal myopia, a disastrous narrowing of sensitivity and behavior inwards toward an institutionally egocentric set of social priorities.

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WE'VE TORN IT DOWN.
AND YOU HAVE THE FREEDOM TO
BUILD SOMETHING BETTER IN ITS PLACE.
DON'T LET THE NAME FOOL YOU.
WE'RE STUCK WITH IT. SURE IT LACKS
SNOB APPEAL. BUT WHO NEEDS IT?

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AND SEE. FEEL IT. OTHERWISE
YOU'LL THINK IT'S JUST ONE MORE
PUT-ON.

REGISTRATION HAPPENING NOW.



"Theory without practice ain't shit—Fred Hampton"

January 23rd. Northwestern University. Technology Institute.

2000 people on a Friday night. Watching TV. In auditoriums, study rooms, labs, hallways. Watching Democratic politicians make next year's camp-pain promises.

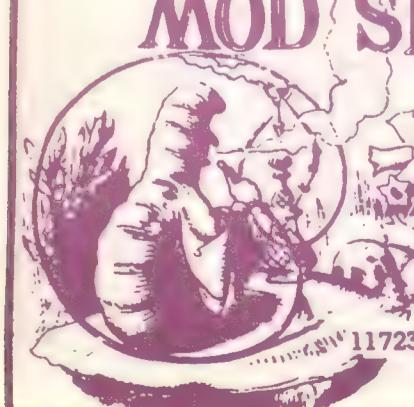
Project Survival. Part of a camp-pain. Save the environment.

People sitting on the floor watching dead men telling tales, sweeping the basic needs of The Earth Household under the rug. People sitting in the middle hallway, watching Lieutenant Governor Paul Simon (DEM.) explain why Governor Ogilvie (REP.) is full of flotsam. People listening to Adlai the Third detail his position paper, to be heard in full next Senatorial camp-pain. People listening to Attorney General Bill Scott describe the regional solutions that he will effectuate—but could effectuate so much better were he to roll into the State House on a wave of popular support.

People sitting on the floor, taking notes about hexa-this and meta-that. People who will never work with petrochemicals or reactors learning facts on petrochemicals and reactors. People pushing their flairs and bics across dead trees, writing, writing, writing taking notes to show the Good Lord when the Bad Moon Rises.

People learning learning learning, fourscore and seven years of higher education and when will they use it, paying attention to every word.

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Sutra. Learn those hexas and metas for the next late night trivia contest. Get: The Environmental Handbook: Prepared for the First National Environmental Teach-In, April 22, 1970—a Balentine/Friends of the Earth book. Can George Wallace Blame Charles Manson for the Smog?

The ruse train chugs through Northwestern Friday night. Gaylord Nelson's got a constitutional amendment on the fire, Milan Melvin's into Earth People's Park, and everyone in between sees the cover of their favorite magazine through six-color factory smoke.

Barry Commoner began a biologist's lecture with the shocker that "we have 15 years left". When asked about actions that might realize "the fundamental economic restructuring vital to planetary survival," he retreated. "Look how far we've come in 15 years. We're here!"

Paul Simon spoke about how it was only fair and just that the consumer pick up the tab for straightening things out because, gosh a root, corporate capitalism is The Way, The Golden Road, the money-back-after-the-last-flower-dies guaranteed avenue to a far-out future.

Edgar Cayce couldn't make it.

It was 1960, and everyone was going to Mississippi—and then a few people got killed—and then they found out that it happened back home.

It was 1964, and I helped the Reformed Democrats beat mini-Daley Boss Buckley—and the head of the club was elected Assemblyman and came out for harsher drug laws—and then the cigar smoke drifted into the new clubhouse.

It was 1965, and I was a beer drinking college kid with a Hollywood crewcut thank you and there was a teach-in on Vietnam—and two years later I was in the service—and I stood on Michigan Avenue and found out why the recruiting officer had been so anxious to have us join the Guard.

It was 1968, and the forked fingers were in the air in Chicago—and then it was 1969 and they were cutting through the tear gas in D.C.—and then it was 1970 and I was back in school sitting on the fucking floor with a bunch of nice people, McCarthy V-people with longer hair than last year and Moratorium monitors being as piggish and stupid as ever and people with cards that had a green V for importance on them and congratulating each other about the success of The Project.

I wish I could tell you about how I got mad and broke the TV and smashed in the plate glass window over the Comm. Edison exhibit and gathered everybody around me and rapped down the need for a system that puts collective ecological consciousness ahead of company profits and how everyone said "Right On" and burnt their class cards as pledges to working full time to save the planet.

I wish I could let you know about how the Weathermen and the Yippies and the Citizens Revolt Against Pollution and the Panthers and the Lords and RYM II and every Hippie who is trying to sell his autographed picture of Easy Rider for carfare to New Mexico came and turned everyone on to how ecology relates to everything from life in the ghetto to life in the factory and how 2000 people went home with their feet off the ground because their consciousness had been raised higher than ever before.

I wish I could hip you to how somebody rushed up to the lectern and covered Paul Simon with Lake Michigan muck or laid a dead bird on Adlai just like the brothers and sisters in Ann Arbor—where so many projects seem to start—gave an Allied Chemical recruiter some dead fish and sent him on his way.

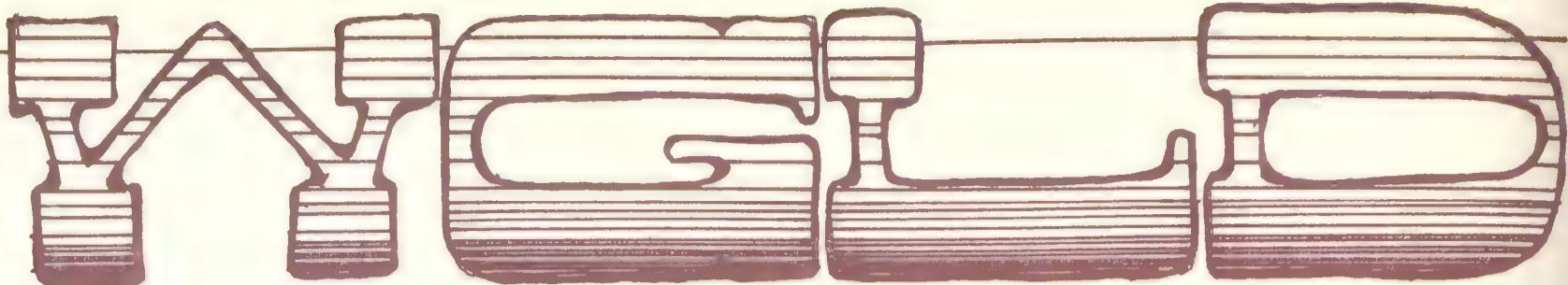
I wish I could tell you about the John Browns who were there—but it was the NAACP.

I wish I wish I wish but the truth is that people are afraid to take the words outside where the streams scream for bubbling breath and the streets belong to the garbage because everybody reads about the Conspiracy and political prisoners and after all it really isn't so bad any how.

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What should a radio station be? What is its duty to the community? Writing about a "community station" in Montreal, the underground paper Logos had this to say:

CKGM-FM is always in the present. But it functions on a fallacy. Rock music is a voice, a form of protest, a key to the future; but it is not the only one. And just as Rolling Stone is a fun newspaper, it has no redeeming social value. As with CKGM-FM. Playing records, reading commercials, announcing the break-ups and get-togethers of groups is nice chatter, it is not nearly as important as bringing people into an ocean of ideas, releasing the psychic energy of a nation. Records aren't always background clatter. They are important. But can they be so important as to demand the full attention of an entire radio station?

When we discussed the ideas of freeform communication a few issues back, it was hoped, ideally, that a radio station would pick

up on these ideas and develop and generate new ones. Our plea was for a new use of radio; that plea still stands. CKGM-FM may be a step in the right direction, but all it is, is music. Good music.

But there is more to communicate than your favorite record. There is poetry; there is speech; there is an exchange of ideas; there is a new form to find; there is a new consciousness to create.

It should be obvious to everyone that there is no "new consciousness" on AM radio, whatever the ringmaster of the Subterranean Circus may say. AM, mass radio, caters to the lowest common denominator of taste and highest factor of saleability. If you want good music and any kind of reasonable rap, you have to tune into the FM band, where lower operating costs encourage specialty shows, whether ethnic, rock, or radical in nature.

WGGLD, 102.7 FM in Oak Park, has gradually pulled away from the other "progressive rock" stations. WLS-FM may have a larger audience, and a few unfortunates may really believe that CBS-FM's "Young Sound" is nitty-gritty, but only GLD and WEBH have shown any kind of consistently decent programming. And only GLD has shown it around the clock.

At first glance, the situation at WGGLD is better than that at CKGM-FM. GLD runs community service announcements. GLD runs news from radicals struggling all over Chicago. GLD ran a tape of a Panther press conference condemning the murder of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. GLD ran Rising Up Angry's view of the confrontation at Senn High. GLD runs stories from the Conspiracy trial and ecology riffs by Seed's editor.

Unfortunately, GLD also runs scared.

Tracing the evolution of WGGLD is the only way to dig the current situation. WGGLD is part of a chain of radio stations owned by the Sonderling Corporation. There are seven stations in the chain. WGGLD was the first station to "go underground" when it hired Scorpio and then brought in Psyche. Although neither really got into what was going on around town, they guaranteed good rock music.

Before long, WGGLD was playing hard rock almost every night. WGGLD became the Sonderling Corporation's noble experiment. If a rock-community format could make it in a large market like Chicago, Sonderling would re-program several of its other stations, and the guys in charge at GLD would take several giant steps into the corporate stratosphere.

Unfortunately for the master plan, wathces run fast in America. Suddenly kids in Mississippi started taking acid. Suddenly hardrock groups showed up on Ed Sullivan and Dick Cavett. Suddenly more and more songs dealt with heavy sex scenes or violent revolution.

Suddenly record companies and radio stations and media executives had a problem. Markets were larger than ever, but the music hadn't been as controversial since the "race music" of the early fifties.

Sonderling decided to continue its project, and WGGLD moved toward all-rock programming. The Polish Hour and other such shows were bounced in favor of rock-n-roll. Bob Rudnick came in from Michigan and Big Bill Hill went from the West Side to play blues in the suburbs. Along with Scorpio and Psyche, Stephanie Clark completed the first all-hard rock staff in Chicago.

Stephanie was first heard early last November, when she filled the midnight-to-six slot on Saturdays. At that time, rock was being played from ten Friday night to four Saturday afternoon. When the station went all rock, she moved into the seven-to-noon spot.

Stephanie never did hard-sell raps on "the issues." She was content to read her poetry, which many people liked. Whenever she did mention something "controversial," her style was to make an observation and then ask the listeners to consider their own feelings and situations.

Stephanie was far from the heaviest person at GLD. That title is still held—unfortunately with no challenges—by Bob Rudnick, whose show is a mixture of high-energy music, community news, and references to revolutionary struggles. Rudnick's nightly escapades and GLD's playing of news tapes helped to make the station one of the most advanced in the country.

It was probably inevitable that contradictions would arise between the message of the music and news, and the nature of commercial radio. GLD seemed to have struck a balance between placating its sponsors and "doing its thing." It was able to do this because most of the sponsors were dope supply shops, record stores, and other hip capitalist ventures owned by people whose heads were in the right place even if their pocketbooks weren't. The balance of the sponsorship came from record companies and rock promoters—organizations that were willing to stomach an occasional "mother-fucker" if it sold lots of records.

But balances were tilting in more crucial areas. As The Movement, the revolution,

youth culture—whatever you want to call it—developed, it ran into some of the built-in buffers against radical change in America.

The first was the FCC "fairness doctrine," which calls for an "objectivity" in opposition to everything in the counter-culture from dropping acid to exposing the criminal nature of the war in Vietnam. As the FCC created the new FM programming by mandating that AM and FM stations owned by the same concern differentiate what they presented, so it chained its offspring within the boundaries of "fairness."

You can't do a newscast on "the nigger threat to America." But you also can't get down on police brutality or racism without being careful to obey the fairness doctrine.

The fairness doctrine, like the federal courts, was originally a good thing. Now the courts ream the Conspiracy and the doctrine paralyzes the expression of our culture. America needs change, the FCC guarantees stability.

As the culture pushed stations, either willingly (as with the non-commercial Pacifica stations and a few others) or unwillingly (AM slop-rock stations) further and further out, the Federal Communications Commission has begun to react. WBAI, the listener-sponsored station in New York, is on the verge of losing its license. KSAN, a hard rock station in San Francisco that used to do the most outrageous news in the country, is minding its P's and Q's while the FCC tapes every second of its air time. Other stations have been warned to cool it.

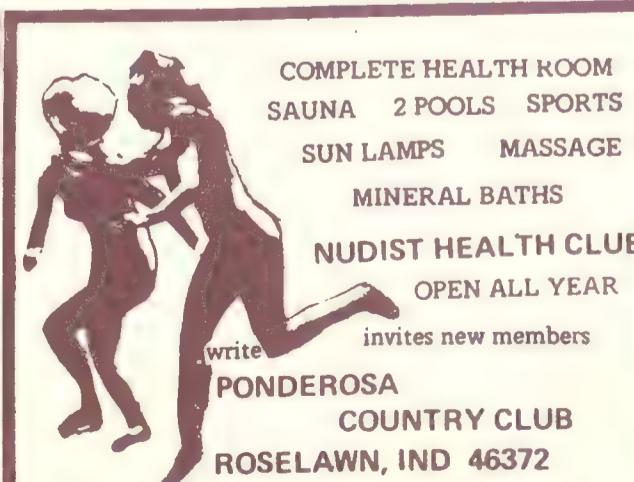
Some of the FCC's response was justified—in terms of where they're at. Some of it was politically motivated in a specific sense; ripples resulting from Agnew's plunge into the media pool. But the important thing as far as GLD goes is that, like most of the rock stations, they ducked when the shit began to fly.

First the station bitched about petty things. Stephanie was chewed out for burning incense in the studio, although nobody else using it objected. Then Rudnick began to have hassle after hassle with news reports from the Seed, the Conspiracy office, communes, radical organizations, etc.—"the underground" that GLD supposedly represented. The Saturday night Cocaine Karma News, a two-hour collage of music and reportage, was banned after one show. When reinstated two weeks later, it went on only after the program director made several hysterical phone calls to have all the copy read to him. Its current status is doubtful; publication of this article may mean its death, despite an overwhelmingly favorable response from the community. The station also received a complaint about a record called "Erotica," a silly thing by a group called Manpower, featuring a girl moaning over music. One complaint. From an old lady. Who concluded by saying that she had written to the FCC.

A popular record on GLD is the Grand Funk Railroad's "Paranoia." Rudnick right on when he dedicated it to the management.

On January 29th, the five announcers were told that "Erotica," Led Zeppelin's "Lemon Tree" ("squeeze my lemon 'til the juice runs down my leg"); "The Pusher" by Steppenwolf, and Screaming Jay Hawk's "Constipation Blues" were banned. On Friday, January 30th, Stephanie played "Erotica" and followed it with a seven-minute rap about the complaint. She asked that people send letters to the station expressing their view of the song. Several listeners called in while the next record was on to express their support.

The station management moved fast. Stephanie said her piece around 9:15. By ten-thirty she was no longer an employee of WGGLD-FM.





In a large city somewhere in Europe, amidst the turmoil of a violent demonstration/counter-demonstration, the charismatic leader of the political "opposition" party is struck down by a speeding car. In an atmosphere of intense political pressure from government and police officials, a relentless investigator searches doggedly for the truth with the aid of a sensation-seeking newspaperman.

This sounds like a plot from "Mission: Impossible," but *Z* is a detective story gone real. Real, because all the events depicted really happened in Greece, after Professor Gregoris Lambrakis, a popular leftist-pacifist deputy in the parliament, was killed after addressing a peace rally in Salonika in 1963. More real because Director Costas-Gavras conveys his message about the reality of repression in vivid and dramatic form without ever releasing his grip on truth and realism.

It's the "suspense-thriller" aspect of the film that keeps you glued to the screen, but this is carefully built

around a core of political reality—a realistic projection of the workings of fascism. This is what gives the film its frightening impact; not the 20-year-old barely-remembered image of Nazi savagery; but the next-step fascism of possibility that transforms terms like "police state" and "political repression" into gut-fear. The methodical elimination of political opposition through carefully calculated acts of intimidation and terror; erosion of freedom by decree rather than decree. If you've ever wondered how Amerika could become Nazi Germany, *Z* fills in a missing link.

Technically, the film is near perfect. Excellent photography and editing—imaginative but not cute. Acting that sometimes scores by caricature, sometimes by understatement. The whole film gives the impression of documentary realism mixed with dramatic character study. Summed up: tight, fast-paced, and touched with an aura of overwhelming honesty.

The romantic element is the political protagonists of the film. On one side are the compatriots of the martyred hero—bereaved, outraged, yet confused and at odds over how to react to violence and repression. Valiant innocents crusading for a world of peace and love amidst war and hate. The other side, the government and police officials, are corrupt and callous; venality grown smug with unchallenged power. The good guys in white hats and the villains in black, nose-to-nose on the field of honor. The key figures in the search for truth, however, are the disinterested parties, the objective elements: the Journalist (played by Jacques Perrin, who

resembles an 18-year-old version of David Hemmings, except that he's a better actor and produced the film himself), who sees facts as scoops and people as photos; and the Investigator (underplayed well by Jean-Louis Trintignant), who sees people as facts and facts as links in his chain of logic. Romanticism sets the scene, but truth emerges from hard, cold reality, unaffected by the intentions of man.

As the film unravels, it appears on the surface to be a romantic epic. The bad guys deal the good guys a crushing blow, only to have truth and justice wrest victory inevitably from their clutches. Several scenes end, in true tied-to-the-buzz-saw fashion, with the Investigator seemingly about to crack under the government's intolerable pressure to do a quick whitewash, only to have him come through, like the cavalry, in the nick of time. But—just as the audience is finally beginning to breathe easy and glory in the triumph of Good over Evil, the filmmaker crashes home the fact that fascist governments always will, if backed into a corner, turn vicious and destroy by force what they've failed to destroy by treachery. Once again, reality prevails.

The final scene lists the items that have been banned in Greece since the fascist coup; everything from long hair to Tolstoy, and it serves to drive home, for the final time, the political lesson that is to be learned from *Z*. A lesson that we can also learn from what happened to Fred Hampton, and from what probably will happen to the Conspiracy 7—that the next step after repression is suppression, and that the jump is a short and ugly one.

Eliot

A Reply From WGLD

As Abbie says, the first duty of a Revolutionary is to survive.

It would be easy to get wiped out by "the system." We don't even have to try. But that's not where GLD is at. To spread the Gospel we must stay on the air.

Nothing has changed. We realized in the beginning that survival would be the most difficult experience we would have to go through. We realized we would always be caught between the laws we must operate under and an audience too frustrated by conditions to fully realize or understand the significance of what we are doing. We can't always win. We can't usually win. Someday soon we will win.

We can do anything we want to at WGLD, but we can't if we place any importance on survival. The main problem is freedom.

Amerika has "Freedom of the Press." Amerika does not have "Freedom of Broadcast."

When this country was set up, freedom of the press was a major concession to the people. At that time in our evolution print was the major social communicator. Since that time, Radio and TV have entered and tried to

take their rightful place in the shape of things.

By the time broadcasting was invented, the people had apparently been co-opted by the system—to the point of letting the Federal Government control the media without "freedom." These policies continue to this day. To survive we must work under this system or forget about it.

WGLD is not ready to forget—to forget about anything. The position we find ourselves in is far from where we want to be, but it's better to keep on pushin' than to give up and say, "Go ahead System, take the air-waves."

GLD has 50,000 watts of power to the people. We won't give it up this easy. If we have to take a step backward now in order to take two steps right-on later—besides that, we get away with so many things that the Man doesn't even know about—as the old saying goes, "It's not what you do, it's the way that you do it."

All power to the people.

Steve Stafford
Program Director,
WGLD

The order for her firing seems to have come from New York, but that is not the point. According to Yippie! Mike Gold, local management would have accepted Stephanie's playing the song, but felt that her speech was too much.

The firing of Stephanie Clark is a bad sign, especially when seen in the context of other media firings. Last year, demi-radical Jeff Kamen was bounced from WCFL because he tried to tell the truth on his news broadcasts; this year it was demi-intellectual Stan Dale who was offed. Bob Rudnick has a contract, but works under the same kind of tension that he experienced prior to being fired from WFMU in New Jersey and WABX in Michigan. A fellow named Larry Yurdin, another WFMU alumnus, lasted two weeks when he tried to do a community show on CKGM.

In a conversation with the Seed, Mike Gold, who has done many news spots for the station and who now believes that a 7-hour news special on the Conspiracy trial prepared for GLD will never take to the airwaves, said, "Within four weeks, WGLD radio moved from having the potential of being a People's Radio Station to having the potential of being another WCFL. Radio Free Chicago now looks like it ain't gonna happen without a revolution."

He may be right. Right now the burden of proof is on the staff of WGLD. We understand that the FCC prevents them from being too outrageous; that is why pirate

stations are a thing of the near future. We understand that their commercial base limits their revolutionary fervor and makes them beholden to their advertisers—that is the meaning behind the old saying that "there's no such thing as a hip merchant." We understand that even the young guys at the station are there for the career and not for the Movement; that is why they go beyond caution to the edges of foolishness.

We understand these things, but we still hope that GLD will reverse its direction and continue as a meaningful and important station. The people at GLD stand to be wiped out by ecological disaster or civil war or thermonuclear destruction or any of the number of other things that seem possible unless there is a radical restructuring of the society. The people at GLD are young enough to know the feelings of growing up absurd, and intelligent enough to know that they are faced with irrelevance and subsequent unemployment unless the station keeps in touch with the community.

We understand these things, but we still demand responsibility from any institution that ballyhoos itself as "underground" and proclaims itself to be a "community station." The sound of "the underground" is a scream as often as a song. We refuse to listen with only one ear.

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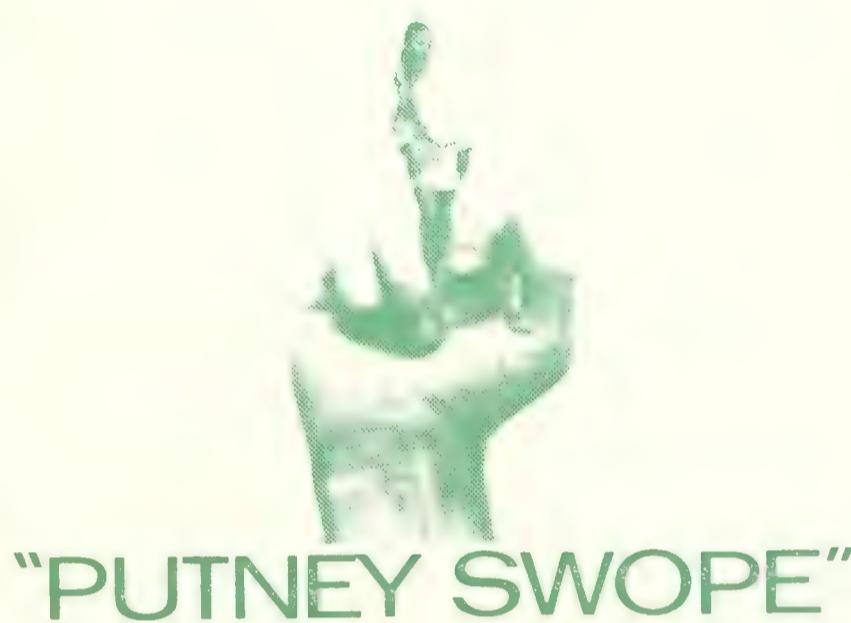
—Judith Crist, N.B.C.

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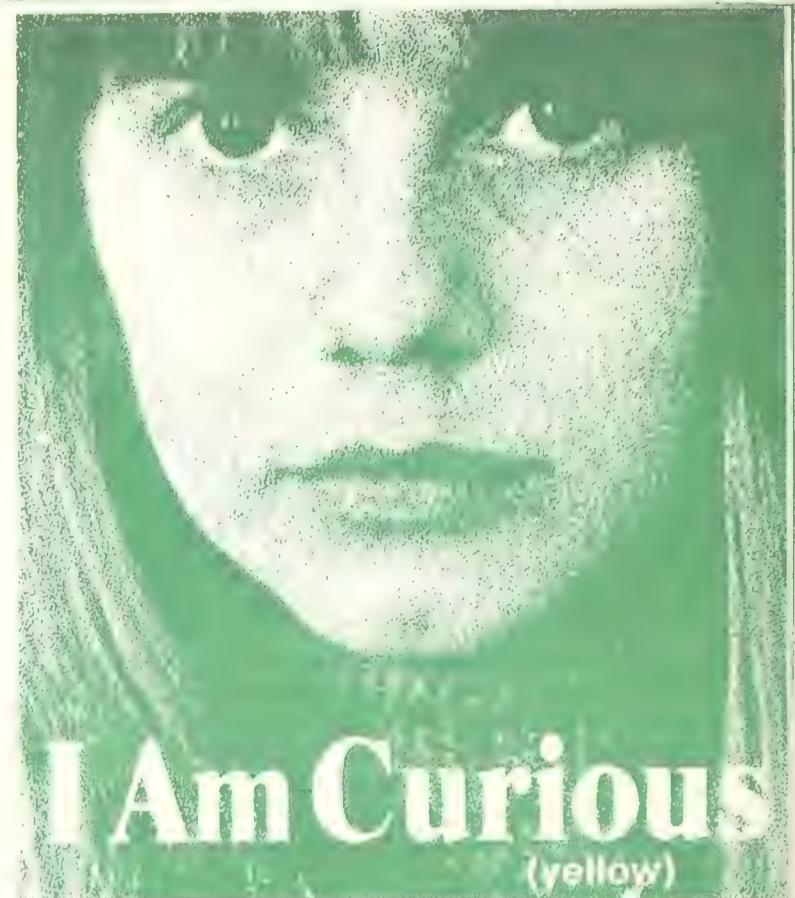
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EARTH PEOPLE'S SHUCK

Co-opted direct from the streets of Berkeley, the concept of freeing a piece of Mother Earth was first discussed by an assortment of record producers, promoters, Hog Farmers, sound men, musicians, reporters (Look, Rolling Stone, Tribe) and jet set hippies in Jemez Springs, New Mexico last October.

Any similarity between this venture and the original Peoples' Park exists in name only.

The idea is to raise in the neighborhood of one million bucks to buy a large piece of wilderness somewhere in the Southwest and hold a rock festival. Anyone wishing to stay on the land after the festival is supposedly welcome. A New Nation will be built. It sounds like a good idea? I thought so too at first.

Problem number one is the concentration of energy and money on the festival itself rather than on the land and the equipment necessary for survival after the music and promoters leave.

This is not hard to understand given the fact that most of the planners are from the entertainment industry and don't plan to live in the Park.

So far long hours of discussion have gone into the design and mobility of stages, the kind and cost of food

necessary to feed people for about five days only, portable kitchens which will presumably be moved to the "next" festival, and the construction of temporary shitters.

Questions about planting crops in the spring for food and the purchasing of seed, plows, tractors, construction materials for permanent structures, tools, disappear in the haze of some very expensive dope.

To those who would call me cynical I would ask you to remember Altamont, a subject which was totally ignored at the second large gathering of Earth Peoples Park planners in December.

The second and perhaps most disgusting drawback in the planning for the Park is the lip service paid to its ecology. The event is billed as a "Cultural/Ecological World's Fair." When Keith Lampe, Berkeley ecologist, asked what kind of ecological example it was to try to plop half a million people on a piece of wilderness the answer came back that "we need flamboyance" in order to make a statement to the whole world.

When Keith countered that we really needed thirty small and decentralized Peoples' Parks across the country he was virtually ignored.

A suggestion to hold the festival in an area where relatively little damage could be done to the environment, like the desert, was also avoided.

When the planners say, "There is no way to predict or prevent what we might consider to be improper use of the land," it is just so much bullshit.

Improper use of the land can be predicted and prevented through intelligent planning. The idea of a giant festival is not the first of its kind. We know what kinds of things happen at big festivals because they've been happening since the first Be-Ins at Golden Gate Park.

Let me say I have great reservations about the idea of creating an isolated utopian community in a rural area.

As it stands now the planners of Earth Peoples Park turn their back on the cities.

Although Paul Krassner's pun about Earth Peoples Park being "the first voluntary concentration camp" may not be fair, this concept does reflect a narrowness of vision as to how human beings must deal with the planet.

There is no clearly defined dynamic relationship between Earth Peoples Park and the population centers where the majority of humanity live and where political power lies.

This is totally different from the original Peoples Park which was seized, built, controlled, and defended by people living in the belly of the monster. It directly confronted the powers which are creating a world-wide disaster.

To me the central question is how the People are going to seize and return all power to themselves, not whether we can return "a small piece of Earth to itself."

Unless liberating a small piece of the Earth links up with liberating the entire planet it is a bullshit idea.

It isn't hard to see the liberation of the planet means a shift in the present power relationships and Earth Peoples Park planners have refused to deal with this reality.

Peace and good vibes optimism without taking the responsibility for people and events around you is "do your own thingism" carried to a ridiculous extreme.

To create anything meaningful you have to be willing to defend it. I find it hard to believe that the coordinators for Earth Peoples Park have learned nothing from the examples of the Morningstar and Wheeler communities in northern California. Both were wiped out by government officials and building code inspectors without so much as a whimper from the inhabitants.

It's not that I'm against a "New Nation." Just people who think it will grow out of the barrel of a press release.

Bruce Gilbert/Berkeley Trib.

"lip service" to ecology, which Gilbert states as drawback number two to the planning—well, that too is an outright lie. Before any site is selected, every possible site is going to be investigated completely by ecologists, foresters, naturalists, botanists, geologists and other assorted lovers of our Earth Mother.

The "Cultural/Ecological World's Fair" will be a small, permanent exhibit occupying one small corner of the Park. Keith Lampe was right about the half-million people, that's why the idea was abandoned over a month ago. Furthermore, this Earth People's Park should be viewed as one of the 20 or 30 Keith recommended.

It is a prototype—a first experiment in building a new nation. There should be others—each trying different approaches—each seeking to create Revolutionary Man so that we can proceed with the task of making a true Revolution—not another exercise in coup power politics.

Far from being isolated utopian communities in rural areas, Earth People's Park and the others that will follow will be the focal points for the new nation. They will not contain the new nation, but give it time and space to work out its problems.

These parks will also serve as the focal point for the vast number of smaller rural communes now scattered across the country.

29

REPLY

The following letter appeared in the Berkeley Tribe in answer to the above article:

Bruce Gilbert's article, "Earth People's Shuck", which appeared in the Tribe last week, is filled with half-truths, outright lies and a severe misunderstanding of reality.

The concept of freeing a piece of Mother Earth was developed by people who helped build People's Park and/or participated in the building of a temporary community at Woodstock.

The idea of Earth People's Park and the New Nation came out of the powerful images and strong visions we had as a result of building People's Park and fighting for it through 17 long days last May.

Many of us —Tari, Gentle Waters, myself and

auarehouse

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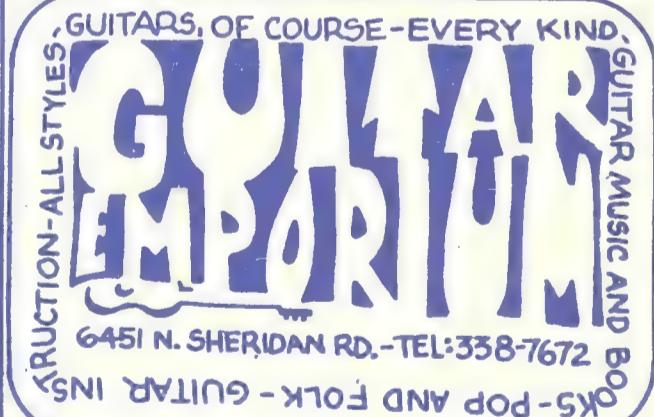
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REHEARSE FOR THE APOCALYPSE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

Better start preparing your pallette and stomach for the fare of the 80's:

* Mix detergent with everything you eat and drink. There's already quite a bit but there will be a lot more in the future.

* Learn how to digest grass and other common plants.

* Start fattening your dog, cat, parakeet and guppies for the main course of the future.

* Develop a taste for grubs and insects. Our ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for food.

* Practice starving.

* Every night before bedtime drink industrial and organic waste on the rocks (or what you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, here's this little dry run:

- * Turn off your gas
- * Turn off your water
- * Turn off your telephone
- * Turn off your heat
- * Turn off your electricity
- * Sit naked on the floor and repeat

PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT
PROGRESS IS OUR...
PROGRESS IS OUR...

And as the final crisis approaches them

for the Apocalypse



- * Develop a taste for grubs and insects - your ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for their dinner.
- * Practice starving.
- * Every night before bedtime drink a glass of industrial and organic waste on the rocks (with mixer if you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, we suggest this little dry run:

- * Turn off your gas
- * Turn off your water
- * Turn off your telephone
- * Turn off your heat
- * Turn off your electricity
- * Sit naked on the floor and repeat this chant:

**PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT,
PROGRESS IS OUR...**

And as the final crisis approaches there's no better

time to start hoarding. Start buying things you'll need after the Fall on credit - after the collapse no one will bother with collecting debts.

* While on the subject: start thinking about creative new uses for money since its present function will soon end. Remember, paper - particularly tissue - will be in short supply.

* Think about creative new uses for other potentially obsolete things like electric can openers, televisions, brassieres, toilets, alarm clocks, automobiles, etc.

* Accustom yourself to human body odor.

* Now is the time to learn a trade for the future - practice making arrowheads and other implements out of stone. Advanced students should start experimenting with bronze.

* For those of you who are investment minded, buy land, but you'd better leave enough bread to also buy a small arsenal to defend your property with.

* Remember Victory Gardens? Plant your Survival Garden now!

* Better quit smoking - or rip off a tobacco warehouse.

* Stockpile useful items like matches, safety pins, thread and needles, condoms, etc.

* Learn how to shoot a bow and arrow.

* Start preparing for the fashions of the future. You girls might take a hint from the heroines of monster films and start tearing your clothing in tasteful but strategically located tatters in order to create the Fay Wray look of tomorrow. Those less frivolous minded among you should start cultivating your body hair. (Remember a naked ape is a cold ape)

* You housewives had better learn how to maim and kill with a vegemetic.

* Finally everyone should buy a boy scout manual - or in lieu of that, buy a boy scout.

**SO IN FACING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW
REMEMBER: BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND CON-
TEMPLATE SUICIDE.**

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Bobby Seale cont. from 3

your grandfather, and see how much of the slang and vibration goes over his head. Then flash on what it's like when Abbie or Bobby talk with Julius or the jury.)

Worst of all, when the Judge said, "You may go, Mr. Witness," Bobby was not reaping the benefit of an edict freeing all political prisoners. Bobby was ushered from the courtroom to a chorus of right-ons and power to the peoples by two Negro marshals who rushed him along a restricted hallway, down a special elevator, and into a van which hurtled out of the garage under the Federal Building toward Cook County Jail. A few of us were there to shake our fists good-bye, but it was a poor substitute for taking Bobby out to dinner. After all, everyone knows that roast pork is better than baloney.

Bobby is on his way back to California to await extradition to Connecticut, where he will join much of the New Haven chapter in facing a suspicious conspiracy-to-murder indictment. He has a four-year term to serve, thanks to Judge Hoffman. He has to come back Chicago-way for another go-round with Hoffman. He has a California conviction for toting a shotgun on a sidewalk adjoining a jail, which Garry is working hard to reverse.

Bobby has had it piled on. He's seen his friends, brothers, and partners shot down or exiled. He's seen the Party attacked. He's been separated from his wife and kid. He may spend a long time in the can. But, Bobby still is a mojo-man, still has that magic sparkle to him.

The best sketchman in the courtroom, the guy who draws for CBS, said that Bobby looked like he'd stepped out of a Rembrandt painting. Few men can do six months in prison and emerge looking like great art. Then again, Bobby is a great artist because he knows that art is how you live more than what you do with pencils or a typewriter.

They may have him on ice, but Bobby's soul will inspire a thousand Bobby Seales to take his place and bring him on home.

Abe



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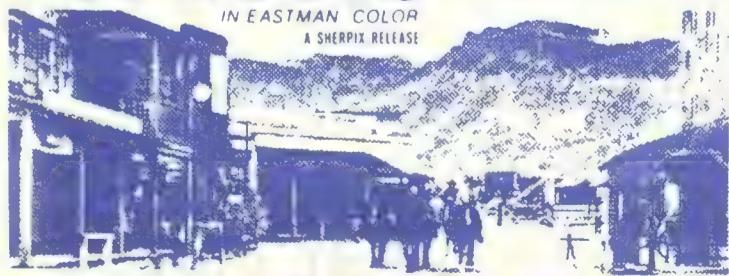
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**REVOLUTION
THE LIGHT AT THE
END OF THE TUNNEL
HAS GONE OUT.**

Most terrifying of all is that the end of industrial civilization dooms its bloated population to chaos and death. World industrialization generated and maintains earth's 4,000,000,000 people. They live within the fragile bubble of industrial society. When the complex systems of production, distribution and government breakdown that bubble will burst and over a billion people will perish.

Such a disaster would dwarf the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The ordeal of survival in a post industrial society would reduce mankind to madness - the memory of which would haunt civilization for the remainder, if any, of human history.

A more realistic but no less terrifying end confronts us immediately. The most powerful industrial states are imperialistic. They cannot survive without the resources and labor supplied voluntarily or otherwise by other nations and they defend these various economic spheres with nuclear arsenals.

The first major tremors of collapse will undoubtedly come in Asia, specifically in India and probably before 1975. India's phenomenal population growth is maintained by a particularly flimsy economic and political system. India's institutions will be swept away by the first national famine and plague. Out of the chaos will emerge a revolutionary, indigenous communistic movement.

Despite India's supposed neutrality America maintains the largest foreign economic investment in that country. Russia and Western Europe command smaller spheres. India is the key-stone for the American presence in Asia.

A communist revolution would threaten that presence. American intervention would in turn pose an even more direct threat to China and Russia.

The inevitable escalation would ignite an already short fuse, and the subsequent nuclear

ECOLOGY AND REVOLUTION

exchange, taking a far greater toll of the world's industrial apparatus than of its population would only hasten the end of world order.

Nor can the once seemingly fantastic idea of a joint Soviet-American pre-emptive strike against China be ruled out. This nation continues building its "anti-Chinese" ABM and its war in Vietnam while the Soviet Union and China continue to covet Sinkiang and Siberia respectively.

Meanwhile at home, even illusory democracy will vanish. The natural response of this nation's political and economic leaders to the approaching disaster will be to centralize their power at the expense of personal freedom. Already in new state and federal laws one can see emerging a new ecological bureaucracy whose power

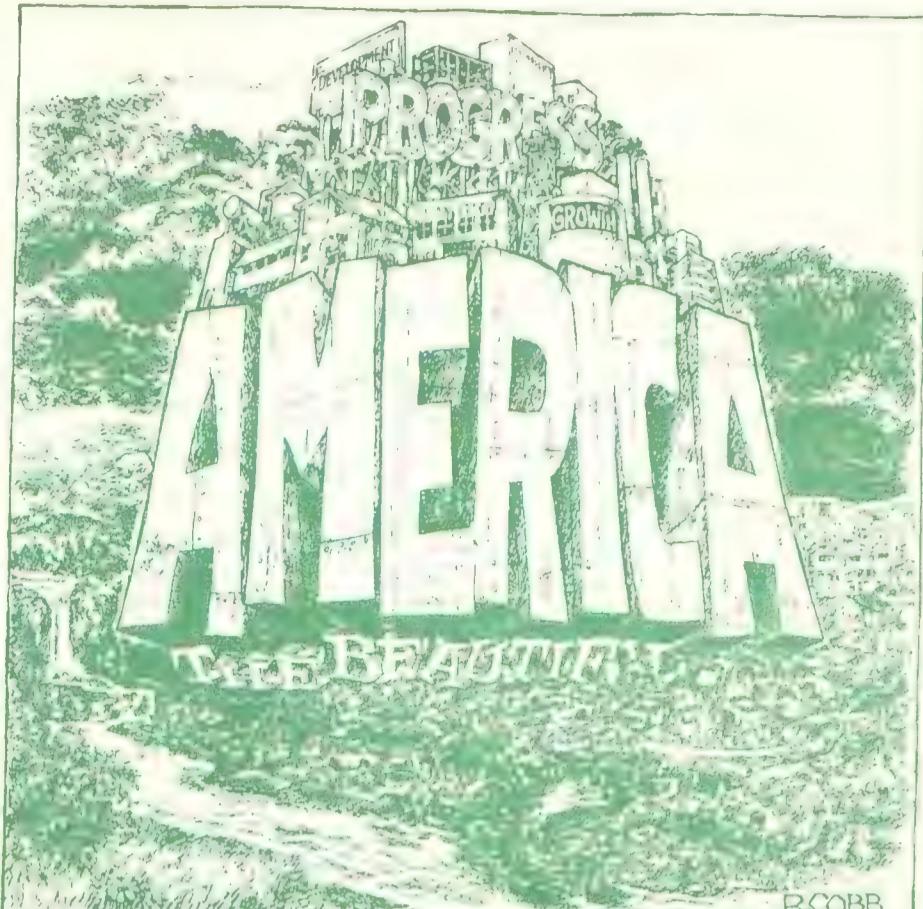
will grow as the environmental crisis deepens.

Capitalism will continue, at an accelerating pace to centralize in fewer but larger corporations who will be rich enough to conform to the restrictions imposed by an environmental bureaucracy which they themselves will dominate.

A panicked stock market will be visibly supplanted by what already exists invisibly. The total merger of economic and political power, American Fascism. And this new state will justify its tyranny over the increasingly restive American people with the poisonous rhetoric of "restoring order."

Thus the people will be penalized for the myopia and stupidity of obsolete institutions

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which they never controlled.

These scenarios take on a chilling reality when one considers that throughout much of this crucial period Richard Nixon will be President of the United States of America.

One final vision: A few days ago an article in the papers discussed advanced techniques of birth control. One approach currently being explored is the surgical implantation of substances which retard fertility. Pregnancy can occur only after the pellet is removed. Imagine most of America's women undergoing this treatment a few years before the societies collapse.

Suddenly the equipment and skills needed to remove the pellets vanish, leaving America's women virtually sterilized. Only a few die hard Catholics would remain to carry on the work begun by St. Peter when his church reorganized feudal Europe. Ah, sweet, ponderous irony.

This kind of doom and gloom analysis is usually the resort of the liberal. Such pessimism is the special fruit of men who cannot see beyond the horizon of the existing institutions.

A radical analysis affords America and industrial culture one slim chance of survival: Revolution.

Throughout the past decade, a new social awareness has been spreading among America's young and dis-

enfranchised. Slowly, painfully, they have been becoming aware of the inadequacies and contradictions existing in this society. In these people the struggle to reharmonize man and society has focused. Fundamentally their awareness is the inadvertent by product of the existing institutions. Their struggle now is to define a new social order which harmonizes this awareness with behavior. They are adapting to the cultural pollution of capitalism.

This awareness has taken organizational substance in radical communities and collectives proliferating throughout America's cities and across her landscape. Basic to their social awareness is a new consciousness of the natural environment. They are experimenting with new systems of ecological behavior growing out of a re-humanized attitude toward economic and political priorities and systems.

Long before the Sunday supplement discovered ecology these Americans were perfecting the basic techniques of collective survival. They had only to look around them to see that none of this could survive much longer. Their labor since that realization testifies to the wisdom of people, for one does not have to be a scientist in order to appreciate the growing threat to the existing society and all who cling to it.

If these intentional communities continue to progress, and survive the collapse of the surrounding world, they could potentially be the

seeds of subsequent social reorganization. Perhaps a democratic, decentralized, industrial society will emerge from the debris, a system of internally democratic, self-dependent, autonomous collectives capable of industrial production for their own needs but economically united by free trade among each other.

My own vision of free, industrial collectives, modern city states, is only a bit of self-indulgence. Any kind of surviving society however, must start defining itself today if it is to have any kind of chance. The people who want to build a better society to survive this one must start coming together now.

Revolutionary community is the only worthwhile or viable means available to America. America as a culture and a people will continue if revolutionary society emerges parallel with the collapse of the old order.

Revolution, being at once the inheritance and transcendence of American society, is the only way out for us. But so little time remains, and the work of building an ark has barely begun.

by old

DOOM & GLOOM

himself:

WALT CROWLEY

Reprinted from Helix

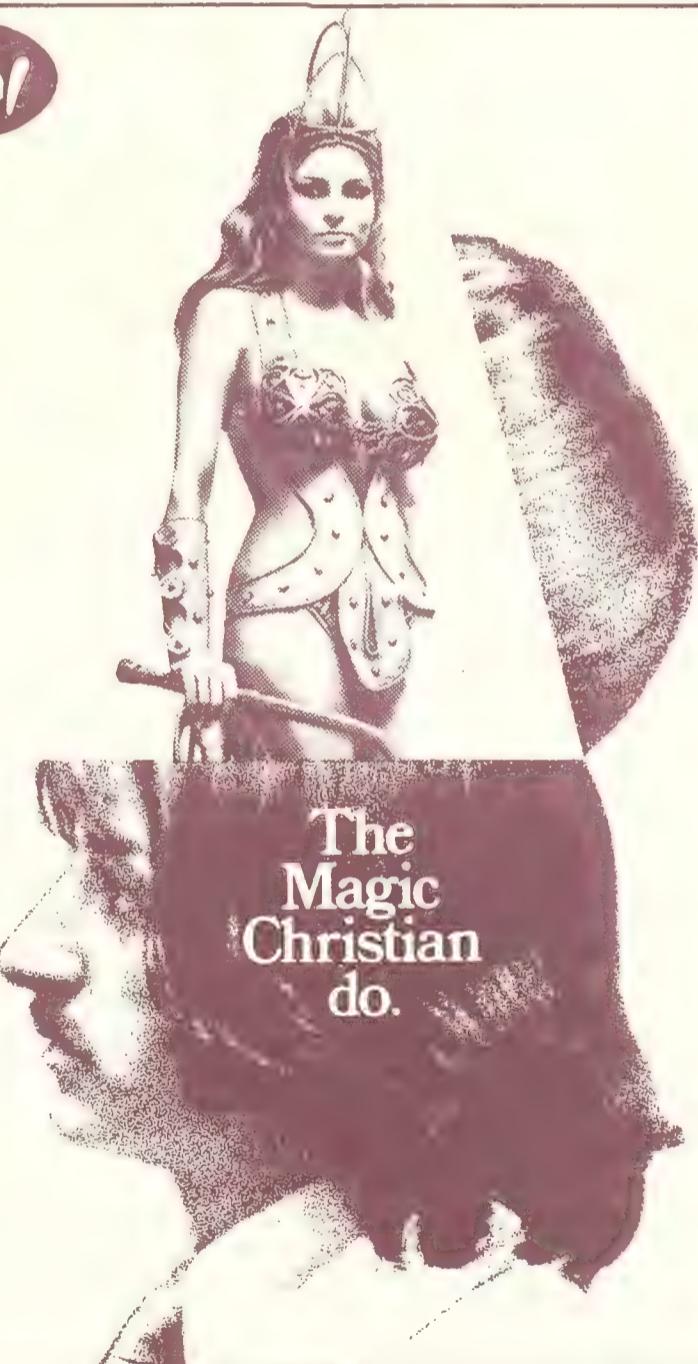


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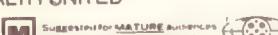
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Super Jam Sessions every Weds nite at 8:30. All musicians welcome, bring your own equipment. Set groups Fri&Sat, 50 cents cost \$1 at The House of Omar 43 E Dorner on the boardwalk in Aurora Call 893-8796 for more info.

The Jazz Institute presents concerts Sundays at the North Park Hotel \$2.50 adults, \$2 students with ID.

The New Quiet Knight is sat 953 W Belmont featuring the finest music, drinks, food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues nite is blues nite with Siegal/Schwall Call 348-9509 for more info.

AACM Concerts of the month Sat 1&3pm at 3124 N Broadway. Donation is \$2

AACM Festival features Creative Construction of Chicago, Muhal Big Band Thurs Feb 5 at the Blue Gargoyle 5655 S University 8pm \$2 donation.

Blues Workshop Sun Feb 15 at the Village School of Folk Music, 631 Deerfield Rd, Deerfield. Featuring 4 blues "mini-concerts," folk & country blues, & a special tape of blues artist Leadbelly. Gary Gandy Incredible Blues Band will play at 3:30 and at 4:30 a special 'Cosmic Super Jam' features an informal jam by all performers. Everything is FREE

As of Feb 1 the Free Theater presents revival performances of the rock cantata "David" Sun at 7&9 and Mon at 8&9 at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church 600 W Fullerton. FREE

Heads Up From Chicago, 386 Hainsville Rd, in Roundlake Pk, Illinois features a series of Groovy music happenings:

-Feb 6 Kaleidoscope & Fat Water
-Feb 7 Kaleidoscope & Corky Siegal
-Feb 13 Mason Prophet & Hot Set Up
-Feb 14 Sun & Hot Set Up
-Feb 20 The Soup & Truth

Heads Up also features the Gary Gandy Incredible Light Show, a head shop, leather shop, record shop, Ice Cream Parlour, cake bar, & good vibes. Open at 8pm admission is \$3 phone 546-8005 for info or directions.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln, Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food \$1.25

CALENDAR

22nd Centruy Productions presents:

Feb 7, 8:30 at the Opera House
Grand Funk Railroad
Feb 14, 7&10:30pm at the Auditorium
Theater: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends
with Eric Clapton
Feb 15, 7 & 10:30pm at the Auditorium
The CDoors

FLICKS

Chicago Cinematheque '70 presented by the Chicago Illini Union & Center Cinema Coop at the Chgo Illini Union 828 S Wolcott, 8pm, \$1.50, students 75 cents.

-Feb 13 Peter Kubelka & his Films. Kubelka arrives from Vienna to discuss his "Basic Principles of Cinema" & will show "Mosaik im Vertrauen" "Adebar" "Schwechater" "Armulf Rainer" "Unsere Afrikareise"
-Feb 27 Films by Stan Brakhage--a rare opportunity to see the complete "Dog Star Man-Prelude" & "Parts I to IV" "Window Water Baby Moving" "Scenes From Under Childhood"

Clark Theater 11 N Clark \$1.50 Call FR2-2843 for show times.

Feb 6 --Hang em high&for a few \$ more
Feb 7--a fistful of \$ & the good the bad & the ugly.

Feb 8--birds in peru & the lovers
Feb 9--the party's over & buckskin
Feb 10--blindfold&death of a gunfighter
Feb 11--my uncle &mr hulot's holiday
Feb 12--war wagon&red conchos
Feb 13--shock troops & sleeping car murderers.
Feb 14--Stiletto & che!
Feb 15-3 into 2 won't go & the prime of miss jean brodie
Feb 16--the tall women&the killing game
Feb 17--the hanging tree & band of angles
Feb 18--Trio & Quartet
Feb 19--at gunpoint & the carpetbaggers

THEATER

Hull House Playwrights Center 222 W North Ave presents "Eddie in the Doorway" Fri & Sat thru Feb 21 at 8:30pm admission \$2, students & military \$1.50 Call 944-9679 evenings for reservations.

Goodman Theater professional theater Co presents Shakespeare's "The Tempest" Students can get in for ½ price if they hang around & wait for unsold tickets until ½ hour before curtain.

Second City Childrens Theater presents "The Land of the Stage" Sat & Sun 2:30 \$1 at 1616 N Wells Call 337-3992

Imagi is a group od students interested in presenting all forms of artistic endeavor If interested call 969-8287 or 629-0606

Street Theater Workshops at the Wellington Church 615 W Wellington every Thurs Fri & Sat nite at 8pm and Sun at 2:30 for political minded freaks who want to do their thing in the streets.

Chicago Cosmic Collage meets Mondays & Thursdays at 7:30 at the Halsted Urban Progress Center, 1935 N Halsted. Technicians & interested people are welcome.

New Theater Workshop offers a complete program of progressive theater education for children & teenagers 2360 N Lincoln Ave Call 281-0111 or 549-0594 for info.

Second City 1616 N Wells presents "The Next Generation" Tues thru Thurs 9pm; Fri 9 & 11; Sat 8:30, 11 & 1am; Sun 9. \$2.95-3.95 Improvisations are still only \$1 Call 337-3992 for information

The Body Politic 2259 N Lincoln presents "The Master Thief and other Stories" Fri & Sat at 8:30 & 10:30; Tues & Weds at 8:30. And on Thurs they will present "Ovid Metamorphoses" at 8:30 Cost is Fri \$2.50; Sat \$3; Tues-Weds-Thurs \$2, students & young people \$1. Call 929-0474 for more information.

Kingston Mines Theater Co 2356 N Lincoln will present the world premiere of "The Assault Upon Charles Sumner" by Robert Hivnor beginning Jan 9 for a planned run of 10 weeks. Fri & Sat 8:30; Sun 7:30 \$2 For info call 525-9893 Reservations are needed.

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each weekly session Call 549-1002 for more information.

The Synthetic Theater gives free(donation) performances the 1st & 3rd Sun of each month at 4pm Reservation please, call 332-5924 for info & reservations.

SPECIAL

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat night at 9pm cost is only \$1. The College is located at 105 W Grand Ave. Call MO 4-4440 for more information

The Adler Planetarium Sky Show is Closed for Jan and Feb due to remodeling of the Theater. Shows will start again March 2.

Evanston Free Univ is opening in Jan. they need people to teach. For catalogue or more info write or call Ron Freund 804 Washington St, Evanston, 328-8769 or Gigi at 869-9597

25th Chigao International Exhibition of Nature Photography. Jan 31-Feb 22 in the South Lounge of the Field Museum. On Feb 1 award-winning transperancies will be shown free at 2:30 in the James Simpson Theater (to be repeated Feb 8)

COMMUNITY

STOP DEATH The Cryonics Society of Illinois (people against death) is trying to get it together Call Lucille at 468-0462 or John at 276-9166 for more info.

Protest Rally--protest air pollution at the Chicago Metropolitan Sanitary District, 1st Feb 31, for more info call Mike 447-5562 Sponsored by the Suburban Committee on the prevention of air pollution.

FREE FEED at the Grace Lutheran Church 555 W Belden every Weds at 6pm

The Ranch Triangle is an organization fighting proposed plans for urban renewal in the Halsted/Armitage Community. The proposed plans DO NOT include plans for low & moderate rent housing. If you want to help call 248-3886.

If you want to do something about all that shit floating around in the air contact Citizens Revolt Against Pollution (CRAP) at new number 463-0308

People Against Racism is working for the Conspiracy if you want ot help call 243-2205 or 583-2992

SCLS(Operation Breadbasket) has a free breakfast program every morning Mon-Fri 7-10am at St Anna Church 55th & LaSalle Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran Church 3700 Lake Park. If you want to help call Mrs Bell at 723-2226

ACLU needs office volunteers during the day. Call 236-5564 or stop in at 6 S Clark

CONTINUING

An introduction to OASIS, Midwest Center for Human Potential, 1st Sunday of each month, 2pm, 1439 S Michigan, \$2 students ½ price. Tapes from Easlen, sensory awareness & encounter experiences.

Social Encounter: with sensory awareness & interpersonal relationship experiences every Weds 7:30-10pm at The Center, 140 N State St \$3.50 Call 641-5695

Stev&Nans coffee house 10708 W 71st St in LaGrange open every day from 9am featuring Nans famous spaghetti

SUNDAY sings at the Old Town School of Folk Music 909 W Armitage. Special guest featured weekly FREE call 525-7472 for more info.

FRIDAYS Central YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnite at Farwell Hall 19 S La Salle Open to the public Cost is 75cents

WEDNESDAY free lectures given at the Loop Scientology Center. Write for free tickets to Wm J Emas 2439 S Ridgeway Chicago Illinois 60623

WEDNESDAY street theater workshops at the Wellington Church, 615 W Wellington at 8pm.

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

WEEKENDS Gejas Wine & CHeeese Cafe features TOmas, flamenco guitarist on Fri & Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30 to 1:30 \$1 Cover charge.

Myopia Coffee House Weds, theater & poetry, movies; Fri-Sat all types of musical entertainment \$1.50 males, females \$1 Coffe, tea, cider, pastries served. 8pm, 8344 Niles Center ROad

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 3124 N Broadway. Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided. Now open every night.

Cafe Pergolesi 3404 N Halsted, coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover No minimum

Broken Wall Coffee House discussions speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays

Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N Wells, 9-4am

IT'S HERE 6455 N Sheridan,coffeehouse featuring folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun doors open at 7:30 shows at 8 & 10:30 \$2.50 per person 75 cents min. Call SH3-9781 for more info.

ALI COFFEE HOUSE folksinging Fri & Sat nites, Weds Hootenany nit. Nightly from 7:30 Closed Mon; Weds cost 75 cents, Fri & Sat \$1. 4315 W 63rd Call 767-7154 for more info.

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Feedback

[This letter was read into the record at the Conspiracy trial on January 11th by Cora Weiss of the New Mobilization Committee.]

THE WITNESS: "I am Vo Thi Lien, twelve years old, a native of My Hoi block, Co Luy hamlet, Son My village, Son Tinh district, Quang Ngai province. I have survived the murder by GI's of 502 inhabitants of my village early last year. My Hoi alone lost 87 people, including eighteen of my dearest relatives. Now I wish to tell you in detail how the massacre was committed.

Aunties,

The weather was fine at dawn on March 16, 1968. As usual, people were going about their work, heading for their fields with spades on their shoulders, or sailing off on their boats, or pounding coconut bark to make coir. Suddenly, from Mount Ram and other places, enemy artillery heavily pounded my village. Everybody hurried into safety.

When the shelling ended, two helicopters circled overhead and let down a rain of bullets. The firing stopped a few moments later. Thinking it had done so for good, people got out of their shelters. But at that very moment eleven choppers rushed in from the Chu Lai airfield; having made a circle in the sky they landed troops. Realizing that the enemy had come for a sweep, they scurried back to cover.

... The enemy now made for My Hoi. My paternal grandfather and grandmother and myself were in an underground. Grandmother set out to see whether, as usual, they had withdrawn after plundering houses and setting fire to them. Unexpectedly, a volley hit her right at the entrance. Without even a moan, she collapsed by my side. Then there was a flash and an explosion and I lost consciousness.

When I came to, I was frightened and trembling, so much that I could hardly stand on my feet. I felt slimy bits of flesh of grandmother thrown by grenades on my body. In tears, I crawled out of the trench to see who had died and who had survived. Aunties, you can never imagine what a horrible scene of carnage I then saw. All the fifteen members of the Le's family were a heap of bodies maimed beyond recognition, eight piled on the brink of the underground and seven with severed heads or limbs. Small pieces of flesh were all over the place. Other families were exterminated to the last man; Mrs. Mot with her child, Mrs. Trinh with her five daughters and sons. Mrs. Hoa and Mrs. Mui each with their four little ones. Corpses were sprawling in clusters on the ground, chests pierced by bayonets, broken skulls with brains spilling, and bodies with pieces of flesh carved off by grenades splinters. Survivors told me what had happened while I was lying senseless in the shelter. American soldiers after raping Mrs. Ngo who was near her time, killed her with rifle shots. The foetus was ejected from her womb. And as her three panic-stricken children burst out crying, they shot them dead immediately.

My own beloved ones died not less horribly. Soldiers dragged auntie Vo Thi Phu out of her shelter and tried to assault her, but as she desperately resisted, they gunned her down as her one-year-old baby was crawling toward her body for a suck. They threw straw on mother and child and set fire to them both. My uncle's wife, Le

Thi Hong, was also killed by gunshots. Of the four people of grand uncle Mai's family the GI's likewise murdered his wife when she was coming out of her underground. Then they pulled him out by his beard, they burnt it off, finished him with a shot and trampled upon his body. Aunt Mai and her child had been mown down with hand grenades. American soldiers also hurled grenades into my grand uncle Tang's shelter, killing all his family. Grand aunt Thu's shelter was blown up. All people down there were killed, except little Duc who had hidden in a hole in the trench wall; he was only injured. When I dug him out I was frightened to see grand aunt Minh's body standing by his side, and little Bung's body in a sitting position nearby.

It was terrible. In one day my populous village had become a deserted, devastated place with just a few survivors. Aunties, I cannot tell you all the atrocities that the American troops committed against my co-villagers and my own kith and kin.

Whenever I think of the heart-rending sight I witnessed, my heart is wrung and my throat chokes.

The enemy have snatched from me forever many of my dear ones and laid waste my cherished native land. The more I love my paternal grandmother and relatives, the more I hate the assassins.

Aunties. American troops have massacred not only my fellow villagers. I have met many friends of mine from different parts of South Viet Nam, not a few of them orphaned by American bombs and bullets. They have told me of crimes against their families and their countrymen. What atrocities have been committed, very much like those I witnessed in my native place. I hope that you will do your best so that not one more GI will be sent to South Viet Nam, that you will call for the immediate repatriation of all American troops so that my country suffers no more destruction and no more mass killings like the one in my native village, and so that other friends of mine will not experience horrors and sufferings like mine.

I wish you good health.

Respectfully yours,
Vo Thi Lien

DEAR SEED READER,

From time to time, you may have noticed the credit "Liberation News Service" or "LNS" on photos or articles or drawings in the Seed. Liberation News Service sends out two packets of written and graphic materials two times each week to about 500 subscribing newspapers and magazines. We are now in the midst of a serious financial crisis. While we have appealed to our subscribers for help, we can easily understand that most of them face their own budgetary hassles. May we appeal directly to you, the readers of the radical and underground press? Please send your contributions to Liberation News Service, 160 Claremont Ave., New York, N.Y. 10027. Thank you very much.

Love and struggle,
The LNS Staff

BAD MOON DONE ROSE

Ward Churchill

PEORIA — Busted? Everybody gets busted sooner or later. You hear that all the time because it's something of an occupational hazard that goes hand in hand with being a freak or talking too much or any of a host of other things the man can't relate to. But, occupational hazards can be and often are toned down if not eliminated altogether. It just takes a little understanding of the problem at hand.

Peoria, an Illinois community 125 miles south of Chicago, is learning the bust situation in depth. During the last 3 weeks in January, 41 members of Peoria's radical/freak community were busted on all manner of charges—mostly related to dope. Forty-one people in a community less than one-tenth the size of Chicago's. Think about that figure, brothers and sisters, we did.

We couldn't understand it. Most of the people busted weren't into dealing. Most of them weren't even holding. They were being pulled out of their cribs or ripped off the streetcorners and hauled away. In Peoria, where the movement has never been able to develop any great consistency, the only relevant question was Why?

We puzzled about that while the bust rate swamped all efforts at bail funding. We were still puzzled when the projected legal expense for those on whom the pigs managed to hang charges hit \$25,000 and spiraled on out of sight. Then it fell into some sort of perspective.

We found that Bradley University is to hold this year's midwestern National Security Seminar. That's where a panel of the military's top truth twisters meet with big industrial representatives to lay out the current "position" on how the pigs would like to see the national resources utilized for "maximum effectiveness" in relation to areas "outside the free world." Shit like that. The public is "invited" so that they can peddle justification for the military-industrial wedlock's numerous bastards.

Put this in the context of Attorney General Mitchell's rap on "chilling tactics" and you start to see what's happening to us in Prehistoric. They want us buried very deep in shit before they sit down to indoctrinate a nice respectable audience of ROTC cadets, industrial figures, and the usual Chamber of Commerce people (that's called the public at large, of course).

What's most important for the community as a whole to realize is that most of the people who got nailed by the pig during the creation of this "chilling effect" were not actually movement people. They were freaks and teenybopper types. They were busted for political reasons.

The freak community, as a rule, likes to think it's aloof from the political revolution. Such examples as Peoria show time after time that the pig is a political creature, and, as such, will use any tool at his disposal to further his ends. He repeatedly demonstrates that, if need be, he will come down with devastating effectiveness on the freak in order (in his mind, at least) to terrorize the political activist. That means, simply, a common danger for all. We must all be together or we all get fucked over. It must be obvious that there can be no complete cultural revolution in Amerika until we have the political power to control it. The cultural and political revolutions must proceed together.

There are still a number of free people at large in Peoria. Some of us may be chilled, but a lot of us aren't. We feel that when the Seminar arrives during the first days of May, it should, above all, not be allowed to come off in the vacuum it needs to succeed. The chilling approach must not be allowed to prove itself effective, or we're all in for increasing doses of the same. Some of us are arranging parallel and counter-seminars at Bradley to be held at the same time as the pig meet.

Others of us feel that this is hardly enough. We feel the seminar should be host to some large and highly visible outdoor action. This is obviously essential. Any group, person or thing interested in helping create an appropriate response to a typical pig operation, please write to: SPIRO, Att: Ward Churchill, PO Box 1368, Peoria, Illinois 61601...or call Peoria 682-5178. We need anyone who is interested in supporting himself by supporting his brothers. Let's reduce an occupational hazard.

POWER TO THE REVOLUTION

Free classified ads will be placed for musicians Send ad to Seed 2551 North Halsted, Chicago 60614

SEEK & YE SHALL FIND

Young harp player wants to join or start group with musicians interested in playing the blues Call Jimmy GR7-1216

Guitarist, lead, rythm, harp. I am really tired of wasting my time with people that aren't serious about their music. If you feel the same way call me. Freaks only please. Dale 827-7416 at about 6pm.

Organist wanted for heavy rock group Call 929-1288

Dirty Blue needs bass player with own equipment Call 832-0061 or 834-9137

STOP DEATH!! The Cryonics Society of Illinois(People Against Death) is trying to get it together. Call Lucille at 468-0462 or John at 276-9166 for more info.

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Here is an opportunity to meet young and well educated boys from all over the world. If you enjoy international music, dances, & culture. Please Call or write 478-5054 5000 N Troy Street, Chicago 60625

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Five hip adventuresome college students will do anything legal for bread. Write ADS-Confidential 430 S Michigan, Chgo 60605

Any psych. students familiar with Dr. Joe Kamiya's experiments in brain-wave learning and control, who would be interested in working the Chicago Yippies please contact Mike Abrahams 684-2410

Hunger is not groovy. Feed The Children Committee needs to get together with interested NorthShore bodies to collect canned goods for ghetto food programmes Call Dick or Corlin HI-6-2026 after 7pm

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Young engineer likes to meet young girls 955-7847(evenings)

Want something different? Trip to Calif. (SF) with deaf single, prefer girl, you don't have to pay all expense. If willing to live like man & wife. When you get there then you can go on your own. All girls must be 18 years old and up, have drivers' license Will leave here Feb 14. Write box DX % SEED

New shop starting, wholesalers & people with their own things please contact Lance Bastrup 2510 48th St Kenosha Wisc 53140 Include descriptions & prices in writing

No lies, I'm single, sensual, 22, black and beautiful with very expensive taste. I need a man who's mature, generous, rich. Dina Baker PO Box 14, Chicago 60690

PROTEST POLLUTION
Chicago Metropolitan Sanitary District
1st Feb 31 For info Call
Mike 447-5562

Male 20, wants attractive female 16-20 for mutual erotic pleasures. Send frank letter & phone(pic if possible) To Box 2023 % SEED

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Young men & women needed to distribute advertising material in the Chicago metropolitan area No selling. \$2.50-2.75 per hr take home. 6:30 am to 1pm (ideal for nite students) Car nec. call Wally Smith for appointment Phone 274-1088

Thanks cher and jone for busting my friend-you fucking informers! Don't try again. You're in enough trouble now!
HIGH CAR-JINKS

MIKE GABRIEL

Remember me? The redhead in your 7th grade art class? Heard you were dead. If you aren't please let me know. Barb or Lu, 103 James Ct. Glenview, Ill Worrying isn't cool.

NEW HIGH now you can really get off on something that is worth your time & bread Supergrass Gold is a very potent legal high Up front, supergrass gold will get you there or your \$ back \$1.50 lid, 4/\$5, 8/\$10 Send to: On The Spot 907 N Harper, Box 3, Hollywood Calif 90046 Beware of bumper imitations.

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DIG IT--WE HAVE MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT RUNNING SOME OF THESE ADS, SINCE MOST OF THEM COME IN BY MAIL, WE DON'T GET TO SEE WHO ACTUALLY PUTS THEM IN. WE CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY OF THEM, AND URGE YOU TO CHECK THINGS OUT BEFORE SENDING ANY BREAD TO ANYONE, OR SENDING ANY INFORMATION EVEN REMOTELY INCRIMINATING.

IF ANY OF THESE ADS RESULTS IN A RIP-OFF PLEASE LET US KNOW
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PLACING AN AD IN THE SEED THE
CLASSIFIED RATES ARE:

\$1 FOR THE FIRST LINE
\$.50 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL LINE
COUNT 32 SPACES PER LINE

SEND OR BRING THE AD WITH THE BREAD TO THE SEED OFFICE
2551 N HALSTED (SORRY WE CAN'T TAKE ADS OVER THE PHONE).
MOVEMENT ADS, ADS OF COMMUNITY INTEREST AND LOST PARENT
AND ANIMAL ADS WILL BE PLACED FREE.

The Seed will place free classified ads for movement causes, community causes, or any other worthy causes.

If you have something to give away The Seed will place a free classified ad to help you get rid of your shit.

Gary Gist please call George at the Seed.

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World peace depends on mutual understanding. Esperanto, the international language helps you to deal with and understand people of other countries. An experienced teacher wants to help you learn it. Try him. One or more free courses in Esperanto will begin during the second week of Jan '70. You are invited to contact: Geo. J Wuest; S.J.; Loyola Univ 65 25 N Sheridan Road; Bldg 7; Chgo 60626 telephone 274-3000 ext 212.

A creative alternative to the draft: The Union Theology Seminary of St Louis, Missouri, A free University, Contact Box 1128 Washington University for more information. Classes in encounter, politics, pollution, peace movement, etc.

Chicago bachelor, 33, looking for intelligent, attractive, strong girl who would enjoy wrestling and play with successful writer. No bondage or pain, just fun. Call Jim 642-1693

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Alan Watts, noted Zen Buddhist philosopher author and joyous cosmologist will give a series of talks at Kendall College in Evanston on Feb. 25. Topics and times ...

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TIME JANUARY 19, 1970

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Our senses tell us that marriage is idealized exploitation. Some of us get married and find out we were right. Some of us don't get married. But in a relationship with a man, we experience the frustrations of the wife and satellite roles with none of the supposed benefits of marriage.

We decide that one part of self-determination is to be economically independent. So we decide to get a job. Sometimes we discover that, regardless of class or race or merit, we are the last hired, the lowest paid, the least often promoted, the first fired, in jobs open to both women and men. Most often, however, we discover that we have been channeled into "women's jobs"—lower-grade teaching, glamorous typing for the young-executive-on-the-way-up, or easy-to-learn clerical, operative waitress positions.

We learn that we will have children, that having children is our highest creative achievement. But the same society that teaches us these values labels our children illegitimate and us immoral if we're not married. And if we try to avoid childbirth, we learn how little control we have over our own bodies. We experience the tyranny of gynecology or the profound guilt of abortion.

Everywhere we confront our inferiority.
Too often we live to sanctify our oppression.
If we try to reject our subjugation, we risk being called crazy by men, other women, and by ourselves.

After four decades of equating the vote with human rights and the feminine mystique with a reasonable lifestyle, women collectively have begun to attack the manifestations, the psychology, and the ideology of their oppression. The Women's Liberation Movement emerged in the 60's from three sources: the great increase of women entering the post-World War II labor market and their stifled movement within it, the end of the woman's suburban dream when the children left home and only the vacuum remained, and the disintegration of traditional ideologies and cultural myths which accompanied the civil rights movement. Therefore, various organizations within the women's movement focus upon different aspects of the same problem. As the movement expands, women are gaining the confidence to initiate more ad hoc activities.

The National Organization for Women emphasizes job equality, legislative lobbying and litigation. Though more middle class and assimilationist than other groups, it is learning through action that achieving its objectives requires more than education and legislation. Take this example: a few months ago, a group of graduate students in nuclear engineering came to Chicago to tour several industrial plants. Among them were Dresden plants 2 and 3, nuclear plants being built by General Electric's Nuclear Energy Division for Commonwealth Edison. There was one woman in the group. She was barred from the tour solely because she is a woman. When she wrote to the American Nuclear Society asking them to issue an official condemnation of GE, she got a refusal that explained:

I know from years of experience that when a woman goes through a construction project, it causes some minor disruptions because of the attention she creates. I am sure every woman would want it that way because if she did not create this attention, she might wonder about herself...For your information, a number of women in slacks were recently allowed to tour the Dresden facilities in the evening after working hours."

When her ACLU attorney wrote to GE about a suit under Title 42 of the Civil Rights Act, Mr. R.V. Fagan, Employee Relations Manager for GE's Nuclear Energy Division, put it more up-front:

The reasons for excluding any females from tours of the plants during construction working hours seem valid and reasonable. They include the presence in the construction areas of lurid photographs and other art forms and semi-exposed sanitary facilities. In addition, there is a suspected strong tendency on the part of the work force to cease work and gawk at females passing through. An interruption of work by the craftsmen for even a short period is a substantial expense to the contractors.

Valid and reasonable. A woman's body becomes lurid. A woman shouldn't look at another woman's lurid body. Exclusion of women is easier than putting up doors. The craftsmen gawk at clothed females. They gawk because women are never in the area. The workers are horny animals who mustn't stop work. The corporation loses money if the animals stop to gawk. General Electric and Commonwealth Edison are Equal Opportunity Employers acting in the public interest.

NOW is also being moved by other groups' analysis of the more common instances of discrimination toward women in lower socio-economic positions. This trend is inevitable, because even minimal research on job discrimination reveals a network of exploitation of women and corporate growth, with built-in racism and class suppression. In Chicago, NOW can be contacted by calling 324-1114 or visiting 1525 E. 53rd Street.

Rap groups have grown to be one of the most useful formats for married and unmarried women who are beginning to feel the need for change. The first obstacles in a woman's liberation are generally her feelings that her problems are purely personal and her belief in the myth of inferiority. By talking personally, the women in rap groups realize the commonality of their feelings, the social nature of the problem, and the real support they can derive from each other. For the first time in their lives, they come to feel real trust, respect, and sisterhood toward other women. They learn to verbalize their beliefs about themselves, to examine their own sexuality, and slowly to shed their own stereotypic behavior and myths. The process is difficult, because it involves confronting and then replacing women's deepest prejudices against themselves, as well as overcoming the temptation to rap forever and not act. After several years of experimentation, a number of groups in Chicago are now attempting to direct their energy toward group action projects -- to collectively project their changing concepts of themselves and the dominant ideology. The South Side Women's Liberation Center combines rap groups with action projects on child-care, abortion, employment, women's com-

munes, medical care, and organizing workshops. Come to the Center house at 5406 S. Dorchester or call DO 3-1348 for literature, schedules, and the possibilities of forming discussion and action groups.

SCREWEE—The Society for the Curtailment of Rape and Exploitation of Women, Etc. Etc. —is the Yippie! version of Women's Liberation. Just forming, SCREWEE will combine gatherings, guerilla theater, medical counseling, music, Etc. Etc. and, once settled, provide a place to call in time of crisis. If you can dig the following, call or write to The Seed and leave a message c/o SCREWEE:

I'm tired of being the screwee of this grand gangbang known as the Amerikan Society.

I'm screwed out of a decent job (not that I want a job anyway).

out of asserting myself.

out of my woman's history.

if I get pregnant and if I can't or won't have a baby.

into paying for my sisters' enslavement.

into buying things I don't really need.

into selling myself, which I really don't want.

out of my natural beauty.

out of a movement that is interested in other liberation struggles and tokenly to women's liberation.

out of my independence.

if I have to work and have young children.

because of what I wear.

because of what I don't wear.

because I screw.

because I don't screw.

I'm screwed.

I'm screwed.

I'm screwed.

And I'm tired of it.

And I'm getting together with all the other screwees for the grand castration known as Revolution and Renaissance.

We want more than a change in the economic system.

We demand a change in everyday lifestyle so we won't get or be raped any more.

City wide WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) is a guerilla theater arm of other women's groups. Hags in pointed hats dramatize the stereotypes of women, satirize the symbols of their oppression, and hex the perpetrators of their mutilation and that of their brothers and sisters. Witches, brooms, Boards of Directors, Judge Hoffman. WITCH women don't meet very often, but can be contacted at DO 3-1348.

The Chicago Women's Liberation Union has been newly formed to coordinate women's liberation activities in the city and to provide a loose structure for expanding the movement. The CWLU is based on the political principles that the struggle for women's liberation is a revolutionary struggle essential to the liberation of all oppressed people, that democratic organization with full political debate is essential, that the women's movement must embody the human values of the society for which it is fighting, and that each woman must first resist her own exploitative and manipulative attitudes. The CWLU structure is based on affinity groups of five or more women, but membership is also open to women who are not affiliated with a chapter. Union projects include helping women organize general rap groups or rap groups specifically for married women, single women, or women who have had abortions; sponsoring action workshops and conferences; and planning for a women's medical center for gynecology and pregnancy care. The CWLU's newest project is providing speakers and films for any group interested in women's liberation generally, women's liberation as part of the international struggle, women and advertising, rap groups, and abortion. For speakers, films, literature, and more information, call 927-1790 or come to 2875 W. Cermak, Rm. 9. For the February 14 "What Do You Want For Valentine's Day? Liberation Now!" conference, come to the Unitarian Church, 57th and S. Woodlawn, at 1:00 P.M.

The important thing about women's liberation is not who we work with or how we work but that we do work to change our lifestyle, our psychology and the social order responsible for our oppression. It's important that we do it, because we're living in a society that is systematically destroying over half of its people while teaching us to dig it.

PENCIL

P.S. from Alice's

Recently I wrote up a more-or-less formal fund-raising letter for Alice's Restaurant. As a greeting I used "Dear brother in peace." This has been brought to my attention, and rightly so, as being discriminatory against women. I sure would hate to receive a letter greeting me with "Dear sister in peace," since I consider myself a healthy male. So, too, women must feel slighted to be called brother.

To make things short, I am writing this letter to the Seed to publicly apologize. It is a small matter compared to the greater inequities toward women in our society, but it is important none the less. I reverted to the traditional greeting formalities by addressing it in the masculine. I should have fucked tradition and wrote "Dear brother and sister in peace."

All Power to Women!
Ray

GREASERS' LIGHTNING



I heard this story from a young woman who has been given a pseudonym to protect her identity. The events she describes took place last year in an upstate New York public high school located in a working class suburb of a small factory city (pop. 30,000). Most of the students (where Martha Zimmerman was a teacher for two years) were children of factory workers, telephone linemen, small business men. Martha, having taught in a Harlem public school, was assigned to teach English and Social Studies to the "dumb kids," thirty or forty lower middle class white kids - many of them the toughest "greasers" in the school.

"The school wasn't officially tracked but I got the kids who scored lowest on the exams. Most of the guys were headed for Vietnam and the girls would all become beauticians and like that - dead end jobs and they knew it."

"I wanted them to write compositions about whatever they wanted." Martha is about five feet tall, she has large clear gray eyes and when she speaks, her hands move nervously and expressively in the air around her. Those kids must have figured she was going to be a joke.

"At first their papers were full of every kind of obscenity you can imagine, but when they found out they really could do what they wanted some of them began writing beautiful stuff."

"One time we decided to have a writing contest and I said I would print up-just for the class-the winning paper. One kid wrote this incredible satire/drama about Vietnam.

"You know"--she paused in her narrative, "those kids are very conscious of the fact the only valuable thing they can do is fight and die for their country. In that school there were two honor rolls-an academic list and one of those who died. And the principal always spoke of and treated with respect the guys who went to Vietnam, even when they'd been considered trouble makers."

"Anyway, this story had some swear words in it, but it was really beautiful. In the story, this kid was in Vietnam and a helicopter came down over him and suddenly it turned into a giant insect about to snatch him up. The class chose his story knowing there might be trouble from the administration. Later there were rumors and we had a discussion in class about what to do. Some kids got up and said the hell with it, we know we didn't do anything wrong, we'll just keep on doing what we're doing."

"The district principal presented me with a letter which demanded that I 'cease and desist from accepting papers from students which make use of poor language and from issuing materials that do the same.'

"I said I couldn't sign that and take away the kids' freedom. He gave me a big argument--and it was interesting--because he kept insisting that it was very dangerous to do this kind of thing with this kind of kid. He said it was all right to try it with black kids because it was in their environment, and it was all right with college-oriented kids because they were responsible, but doing that sort of thing with these kids would 'teach them defiance' and 'encourage bad behaviour.' He claimed that since I had come, the kids from my class were starting to challenge other teachers and make trouble."

When Martha held firm, the principal declared that she was treading on thin ice and repeated his warning about the danger of her experiment: "These kids are going out to work in factories, or to Vietnam. What will happen if they're not used to conforming to certain standards?"

As the year wore on, tension rose and several incidents occurred which gave the whole affair a life of its own and made it far deeper than a simple matter of freedom of speech:

Martha mimeoed for her class copies of the poem by e.e. cummings ostensibly about cars which is really about fucking:

"oh and her gears being in
A 1 shape passed
from low through
second-in-to-high like
(greased lightning)..."

The poem got out and made the rounds of whispering faculty. There was much speculation in these learned circles about the poem's true meaning--was it about cars or sex? But the furor was derailed when it was discovered that the poem was in the school's own library.

There was an SDS festival at a nearby college which Martha's husband helped to organize and Martha herself told some of the kids about. At one workshop, for high school kids, a number of teachers appeared and the kids, encouraged by the SDS moderator, insisted they leave, for they could not speak freely in the presence of their custodians. "They really dug being able to do that."

The year before, in a frenzy of bureaucratic game hunting, the administration and faculty had hit upon a surefire way to prevent the kids from smoking in the bathrooms. They took the doors off the stalls.

Thirty guys decided to challenge this. They went to Martha and said: "You were at the Pentagon, how do you have a sit-in?" They presented the principal with their demand: reinstall the doors within three days. On the third day, no doors, so thirty very tough white guys lined up in front of the bathrooms. They managed to get some of the doors reinstalled. But the principal held an assembly in which, briefly, he identified those thirty kids as of that infamous and hairy lot of campus radicals now ravaging America. In a single moment of hysterical eloquence thirty ordinary white greaser teenagers--heroes to the student body--had been placed in the front ranks of the revolution.

The student body was continually subjected to painful concerts given by imported artists from Lincoln Center. The kids found ballets and musicians "faggoty," and hated every minute of the hours they were made to sit in silence listening to the yodelling and screeching called, elsewhere, "culture." One day, during a cello concert a kid wandering around backstage heard the music/noise and, thinking it was one of his friends goofing off, stole up behind the cellist and threw his arms around him. The cellist fell over backwards, the student body howled and hooted with joy at the sheer beauty of it, the cellist fled, and the administration and faculty, mortified, retired to seek revenge. During an emergency faculty meeting, Martha defended the students. An argument ensued as Martha heard again the old story which was-it was now clear--the school's reason for existing: "What are these kids gonna do in the factory or the army if they're not willing to do things they don't like!?" What indeed. The teachers, said Martha, knew they were supposed to teach the kids to passively accept their lot.

By this time Martha was spending nearly all her class time rapping with the kids about school, the war, politics, and together they had begun to analyze the ways in which they were oppressed. If this wasn't subversive enough, other kids were always wandering into her classroom--without pass slips--to comment on these matters. The whole school was strongly affected by all this energy, especially since the most popular and toughest kids were the leaders. Parents, teachers and administrators became increasingly upright. Martha began receiving threatening phone calls. Her husband was arrested for leafletting her school. "The kids were very excited when SDS came to leaflet--it was very important to them that that organization was paying attention to them." Several kids went down to an SDS sponsored demonstration against General Westmoreland when he came to a nearby city to award medals to Vietnam veterans.

"None of the kids had any use for 'pacifist creeps,' because they said their brothers were fighting and dying in Vietnam so why didn't 'those people' fight for what they believed in? In fact, one kid told me that the first time he had any respect for the New Left was when he sat in front of his TV eating a sandwich and watching those kids in Chicago fight the cops at last year's Democratic Convention."

And yet the kids were not gangsters. Martha spoke of their innocence, tenderness, and emotional sensitivity. She told me of a party at her house celebrating her husband's release from jail. "There were radicals there and these kids from school but that night we really did feel close. It was a great night--we really had fun."

One day there was an honors assembly. These ceremonies were designed to honor the ten or so kids--all children of professional families--who got the highest grades. These kids had their own lounge and were the darlings of the teachers. "Six kids came into my room around lunch and told me they weren't gonna go to the assembly--it had nothing to do with them anyhow: 'Those kids are brown noses and liars and they'll do anything to get a grade and they're getting honored for that!?' Fuck it. We won't go." They asked if they could use my classroom. I said sure and stayed with them. The principal freaked again and got on the loudspeaker system to tell everybody that they had to be there. Inside the assembly, everybody was talking about it--they were all sympathetic--and one honors girl made a speech in which she said she didn't know if these assemblies meant anything anyway.

"That day, after everyone had gone home, they called me in and fired me and threatened to arrest me if I came on campus again. I left and saw one of the kids in my class--one of the leaders. I told him and he said: 'Don't you worry, we're gonna fill these halls tomorrow. Nobody will be able to get through the halls to class.'"

The story's end is painful. They decided to wait till the seniors came back from a trip on Monday (Martha was fired on a Thursday) and the administration conducted a heavy campaign of repression over the weekend, calling up the leaders' parents and telling them they would get their kids busted for dope or other things, that they should keep their kids home on Monday if they couldn't make them promise not to sit-in. The kids who did show up on Monday were pretty demoralized but they gamely milled around the halls between periods while teachers shrieked orders and the assistant principal (ex-Marine) beat the shit out of one kid.

There doesn't seem to be much left to say. Have faith in the people. And power, good sweet power, to the people.

Kathy Mulherin/Dock Of The Bay

HIGH SCHOOL

BOWING TO TURMOIL SWEEPS

Student Riot Confrontation on Flatbush Ave.

9 HIGH SCHOOLS RIOTS

Rampage, Fires Hit Erasmus

2 Schools in City Shut by Protests

2 High Schools Shut: Mayor Lindsay to Courts:

School Underground Press Pours Forth Hate, Venom, Filth

DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1969

MAP IN SCHOOL RIOTERS

A number of militant student groups led by the High School Student Union threatened last week to stage a series of disruptions beginning today and continuing through next month. At Erasmus, two of the groups were found in wrestling.

The headlines above are from New York last spring, when all kinds of high school students registered their protest by setting fire to, seizing, striking, and otherwise liberating their schools. They did so much liberating, in fact, that the N.Y.C. Board of Education decided it was about time they gave them some rights.

And so, with visions of anarchy and so on dancing in their heads, they gave N.Y.C. students the rights to freedom of speech, press, and assembly, the right to determine their dress, the right to a fair hearing prior to any disciplinary action, and a student-parent-teacher council to meet regularly with the principal. All students in good standing are eligible to hold offices in a student government that controls the activity funds. The book of rules must be distributed at the beginning of every year.

Now this is a good step forward. But is getting constitutional rights all high school movements should be about? This country has a very promising bill of rights, and we know where that's at.

The student bill of rights changes nothing about the tracking system, which sends most middle-and upper-class whites to college and most everyone else to low-paying jobs or the army. It leaves New York students with the same teachers, and it says nothing about the grading system.

The principal still has the say in the end. There are all kinds of clauses in the bill of rights like: "open to students in good standing," "obligation to be governed by standards of good journalism," "discuss with the principal," "so long as they do not interfere with operations," "except where the dress is distracting." What it amounts to is that the students can have their rights as long as the schools stay the way the administrations want them to be. If they don't like something the students are doing, they can move in with some excuse, as provided in the bill of rights.

If things start to happen in Chicago like they did in New York, those in authority will probably also find it expedient to start

granting rights. It's important that the people involved know what that means—and what it doesn't.

AND NOW THE NEWS...

Kennedy is having a "Teacher Appreciation Day" on February 24th. There are rumors that appreciation will not be the only feeling expressed for teachers. The editor of Grab Hold, the paper there, already has had his locker searched. Lombard E. has an underground called Messiah, and W. Chicago Jr. High now has "Hi Skool Noose" to move things along.

As always, there were reports of dope busts, suspensions and expulsions for dress code and hair-length things, and a whole raft of other atrocities. Some people broke the dress code at Schurz by simply ignoring it en masse, and that tactic got the same results at Bowen. The blacks, browns, and whites at Bowen are beginning to get together to form a student coalition. More on this next issue.

Senn High School blew up just recently, and it was no surprise. Senn is just a little slice of Chicago, a little slice of America. Senn is a permissive-transfer school, which means that black kids who qualify can transfer there. The schools that black kids have to go to are the worst, so those who can go to other schools. The reaction of a lot of white kids is fear or mistrust to the presence of a people that society practically teaches them to misunderstand—the reaction of the black kids is the same. So we have what the mass media calls "racial tension."

At Senn, the black students had an assembly for Martin Luther King. A lot of whites stomped and booted during the assembly, thinking that Dr. King was a hero for blacks, therefore an enemy of whites. The administration had them leave. A black speaker gave a down-rap on them, which made the situation that much

more bitter, and fights broke out. Police poured into the school, some of them trying to keep things cool, others encouraging the whites to fight. Finally some of the leaders of the white gangs and clubs put out the word to cool things down.

In the aftermath of this people started to think about the school, started to realize that all the students were victims of the school, and realized it was an agent of the society whose racism had split them.

And so a student alliance has started, based on getting an end to the tracking system, environmental and urban studies, the right to pick one's own teachers, more field trips, more extracurricular programs, more things to do with study hall time (such as listening to records or using the art facilities) and programs for learning about other cultures. In short, they want an open school, a fair school, a free school, a comfortable school, a school where they'll want to learn.

Let's hope all the bad outbreaks turn in to this kind of movement. And let's do more than just hope.

The Liberation School, weekly meeting of high school activists, is now being held at the Seed every Sunday at 1:00 PM'

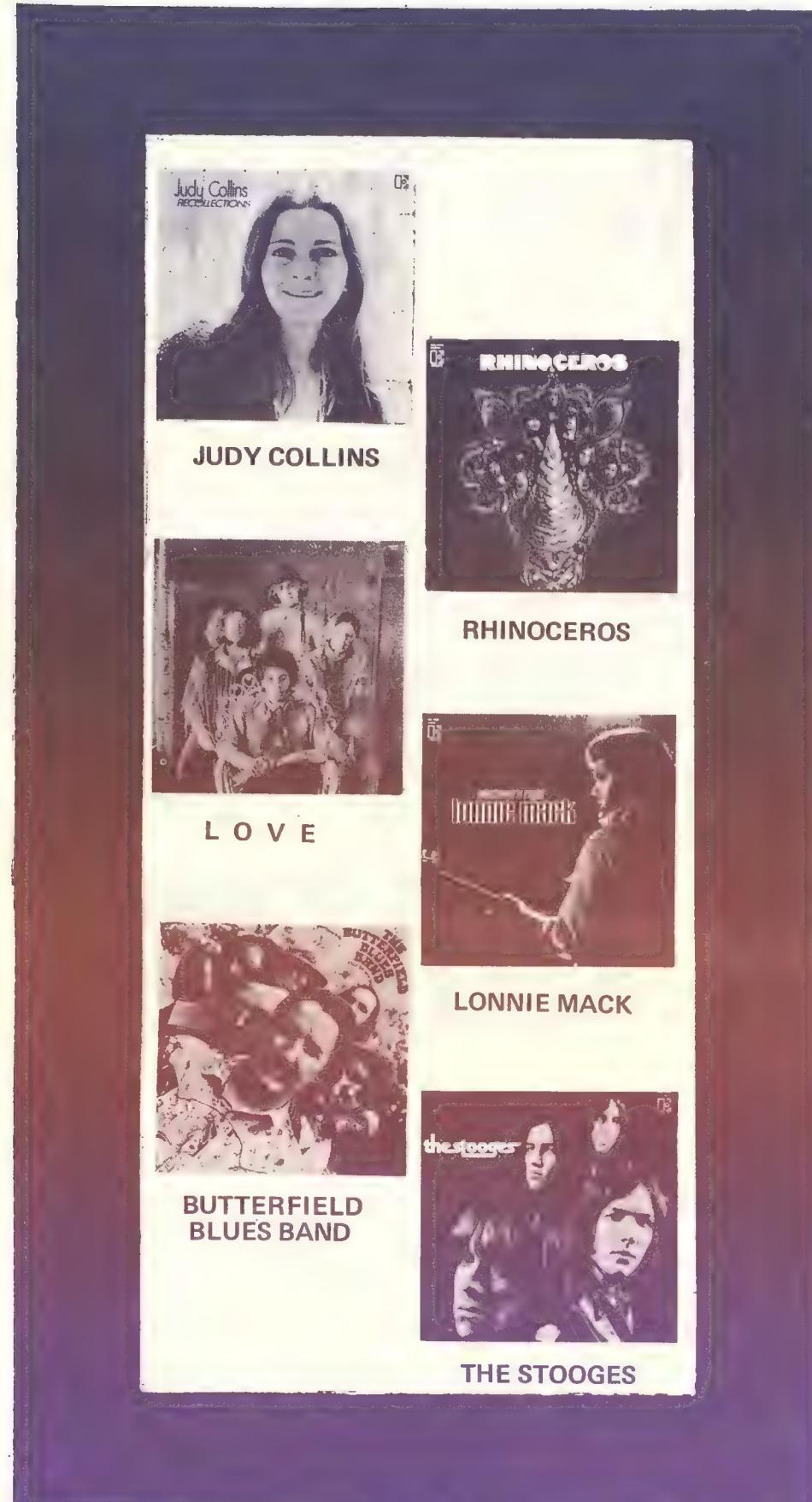
For more high school news you should read the Stone Grease Grapevine in Rising Up Angry. RUA is now available in a joint subscription from Seed, ten bucks a year for both.

Call us up and let us know what's happening at your school, and we'll tell you what's happening at the Seed, and we can talk about the weather and all sorts of stuff, and it'll probably make your day.

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← 3 THE WHOLE TRUTH

listening to this ridiculous argument about whether Ramsey Clark could take that stand in front of the jury, I am trembling because I am so outraged. I haven't been able to get this out before, and I am saying it now, and then I want you to put me in jail if you want to. You can do anything you want with me, if you want to, because I feel disgraced to be here, to say to us on the technicality of my representation that we can't put Ralph Abernathy on the stand. He is the co-chairman of the MOBE. He has relevant testimony. I know that doesn't mean much in this Court when the Attorney General of the United States walked out of here with his lips so tight he could hardly breathe, and if you could see the expression on his face, you would know, and his wife informed me he never felt such anger at the United States Government as make inadmissible anything that would 'interfere' with the Justice Department's intent to prove a conspiracy to incite a riot during the Democratic National Convention."

VOICES: Right on.

MR. KUNSTLER: That was the reason behind your Honor's ruling, nothing short of that.

← 11 PROJECT "SURVIVAL"

Alas, The Weathermen are too busy talking about trashing and the Yippies are too busy doping it up and the Panthers and the Lords are too busy fighting for their lives and the others are too concerned with correctness to worry about a little step back like life ending on the planet.

January 23, 1970. The beginning of a decade, the beginning of a new-old movie, another round in the contest between the opportunists and the shuckers and the profiteers and those who care enough to make a move. A decade of Richard Nixon's Vees and Vees, a decade when central air-conditioning will become a welfare demand and people will go to the Aquarium to see THE Sturgeon, a decade of food riots and food poisoning, a decade of decay unless forces converge to turn it back.

Mr. Projectionist, run it faster this time.

The children of the global village must declare a tenant's strike against the slum lords. Our demands are non-negotiable: the planet we save will be our own.

Abe

I have sat here for four and a half months and watched the objections denied and sustained by your Honor, and I know that this is not a fair trial. I know it in my heart. If I have to lose my license to practice law and if I have to go to jail, I can't think of a better cause to go to jail for and to lose my license for—

A VOICE: Right on.

MR. KUNSTLER: —than to tell your Honor that you are doing a disservice to the law in saying that we can't have Ralph Abernathy on the stand. You are saying truth will not out because of the technicality of a lawyer's representation. If that is what their liberty depends upon, your Honor saying I represented to you that I had a cameraman, and that was our only witness, a cameraman, whom we can't get, incidentally, then I think there is nothing really more for me to say.

THE COURT: There is not much more you could say, Mr. Kunstler.

MR. KUNSTLER: I am going to turn back to my seat with the realization that everything I have learned throughout my life has come to naught, that there is no meaning in this court, and there is no law in this court—at not being able to testify on that stand.

VOICES: Right on.

MR. KUNSTLER: You can't tell me that Ralph Abernathy cannot take the stand today because of the technicality of whether I made a representation. That representation was made in perfect good faith with your Honor. I did not know that Rev. Abernathy was back in the country. We have been trying to get him for a week and a half to be the last witness for the defense in this case. And now to tell me that we are going ahead, the Government is ready, after you took Thursday from us to have this argument over whether a man could be presented to a jury, I told your Honor then, and I am telling you now, no American court has ever done what your Honor did—

VOICES: Right on.

MR. KUNSTLER: —basing it on a case which was inapplicable to the situation. That was done for one purpose only, and the New York Times said it more beautifully than I could say it, and they said, "It was done to

VOICES: Right on.

MR. KUNSTLER: —and these men are going to jail by virtue of a legal lynching—

VOICES: Right on.

← 15 EARTH PEOPLE'S PARK

By linking up the cities on one hand and the small rural communes on the other, Earth People's Park and the others will serve as ecological and social laboratories, training grounds, staging areas, halfway houses, symbols of what can be—just as the fence around People's Parking Lot is a constant reminder of what cannot be. This is as clear a definition of the dynamic relationship between the cities and Earth People's Park as we have worked out so far....

To me, the central question is how are we going to build a truly revolutionary culture that can cope in some way with the complex problems of pollution, plunder, racism, property and imperialism. We must learn how to live with, work with, love and respect our planet and our fellow man. And the answer is—in part—Earth People's Park and the New Nation.

Liberating Earth People's Park is the first, positive step towards liberating the entire planet in the 70's. The Earth People's Park planners have faced the present power relationships and we have accepted the responsibility for the people and events around us. At the same time, we don't view the people and events around us as pawns to be manipulated in a cynical game of power politics.

I find it hard to believe that after 10 years of protest movements and confrontation politics, Gilbert and his fellow politicos want to keep repeating the mistakes of the past rather than formulate a strong, realistic vision for the future. It's not that Gilbert is against the New Nation, Just new ideas that challenge the security of his position in the "Movement".

So up your press release, Bruce Gilbert. "When you lose your dream, you lose your mind—Stones.

Steve Haines

MR. KUNSTLER: —and that your Honor is wholly responsible for that, and if this is what your career is going to end on, if this is what your pride is going to be built on, I can only say to your Honor, "Good luck to you."

(There were shouts of "Right on," and there was applause in the courtroom.)

[The next day, Feb. 3, Judge Hoffman reversed himself at the behest of Asst. US Att'y. Richard Schultz, and ruled that Abernathy could, after all, take the witness stand.

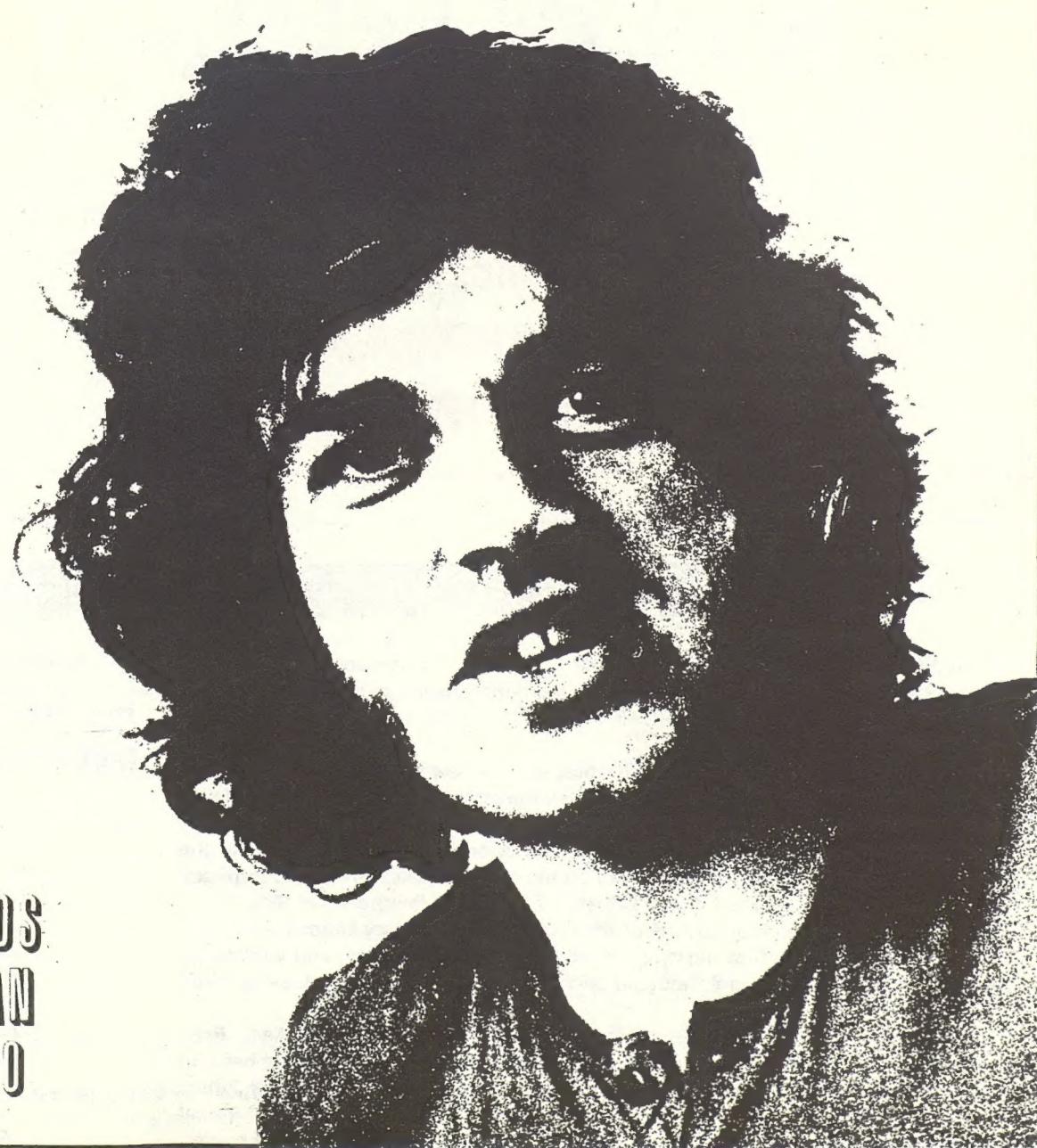
Rev. Abernathy notified the court by letter that pressing civil rights matters in Mississippi prevent him from returning to Chicago. In his letter, he strongly criticized Judge Hoffman's conduct.]

joe cocker !

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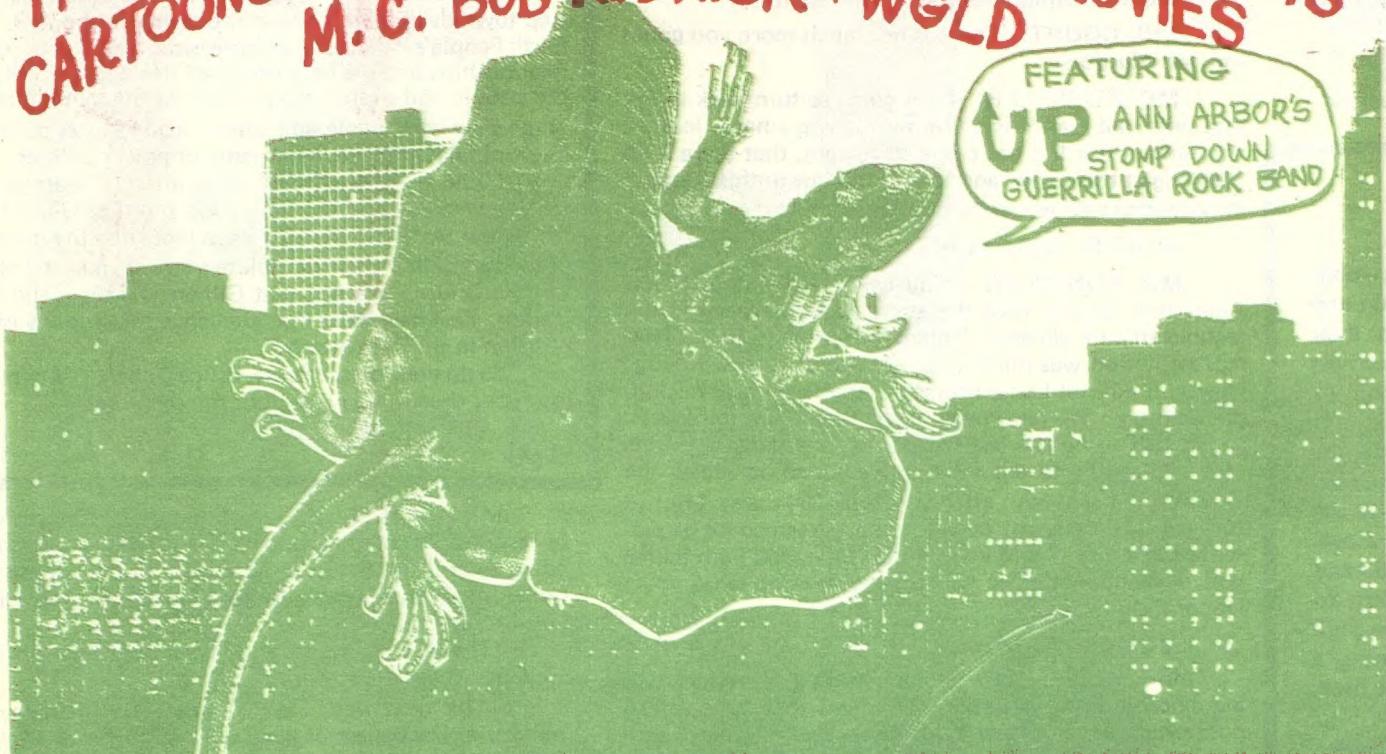
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MONDAY FEBRUARY 9

AN AFFIRMATION OF THE CULTURE CONDUCTED WHILE THE GOVT. IS
PRESENTING ITS REBUTTAL AT THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL
AN EXORCISM OF THE BAD VIBES CAST ON CHICAGO BY THE
COMING OF NIXON AGNEW HAYAKAWA
A CELEBRATION OF THE YIPPIE! CTA ACTION

* COME HIGH!

卷之三



Repression is everywhere. It is in the Conspiracy Courtroom. It is in Fred Hampton's apartment. It is in Bobby Seale's and John Sinclair's jail cell. It is Alice's Restaurant and Doc Gandalf's losing their leases. It is in the curfew statutes and the selective enforcement of the law.

People are beginning to respond. This past summer saw the United Front Against Fascism Conference in San Francisco. Since then the message has spread like ripples in a pond.

On January 31st and February 1st, a Conference on Repression took place at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Jerry Rubin of the Yippies! and the Conspiracy was there, as was Chief of Staff David Hilliard of the Black Panthers and Skip Taube of the White Panthers, and Ken Cockrel of the Detroit Revolutionary Union Movement. There was a teach-in the first night, a general meeting the next day, and workshops after both large sessions. Several thousand people found out more about the shit that's coming down.

HERE IN CHICAGO, people are fed up with having our people killed. Fred Hampton is gone. Manuel Ramos is gone, and four fellow Young Lords have been indicted in the incidents surrounding his death. Panther Field Secretary Nathaniel Junior is in jail on a record \$1,000,000 bond. People have been busted in Urban Renewal protests and wherever else they dare to challenge the will of the people with the power.

Young people can't walk the streets without being stopped and frisked

We have had enough. Everybody, and especially everybody on the North Side, should fight back. Come to the

**DEFENSE MEETING FEBRUARY 8, 1970 2:00
PEOPLE'S CHURCH
Armitage & Paxton**

Some of the issues to be discussed

All aspects of your books

All cops out of our schools
An end to the Gang Intelligence Unit

An end to the Gang Intelligence Unit
Control of housing project cops be hou

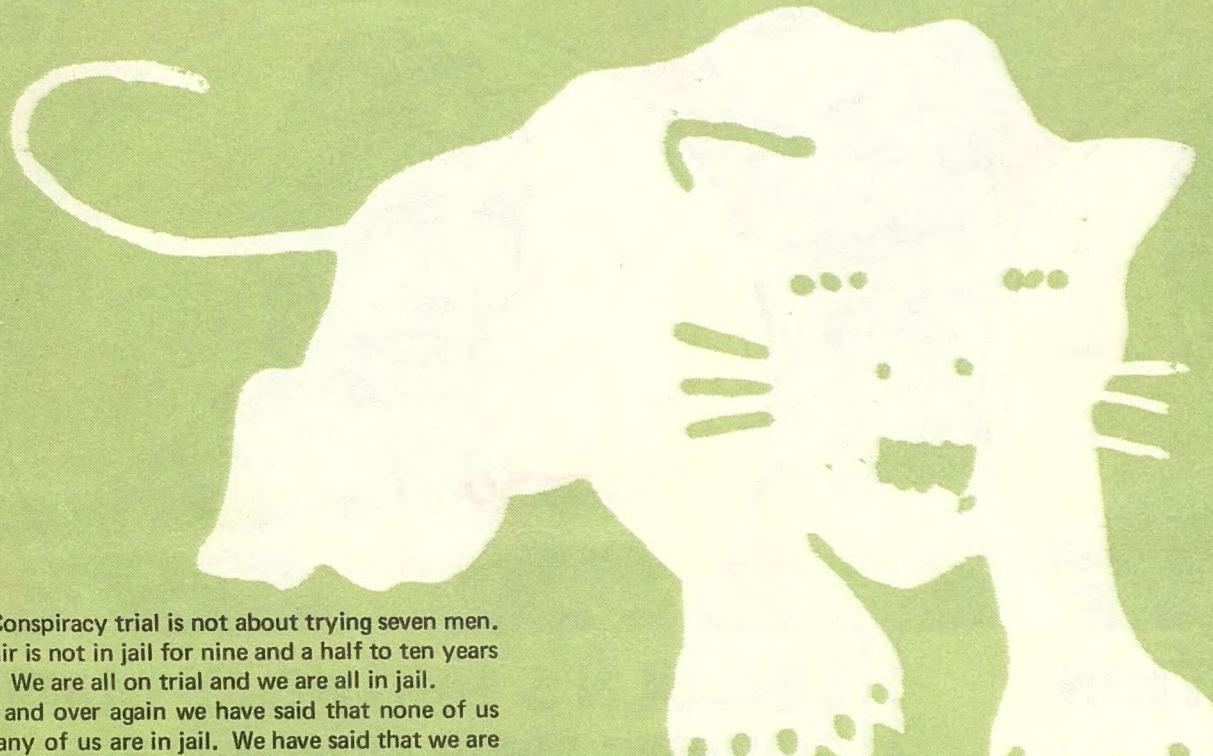
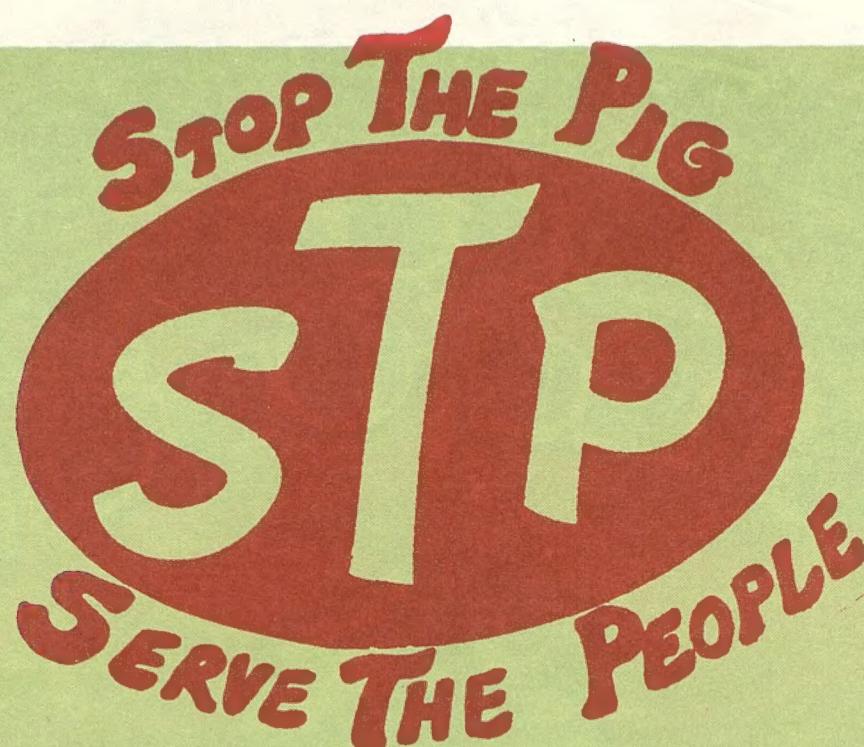
No more cops at community meetings

No more stops at community events
No more stop and frisk

No more stop and frisk
No more unreasonable bail.

Come and put a stop to the shit that is going down.

BRING YOUR PROBLEMS, CASES AND IDEAS



The Conspiracy trial is not about trying seven men. John Sinclair is not in jail for nine and a half to ten years by himself. We are all on trial and we are all in jail.

Over and over again we have said that none of us are free if any of us are in jail. We have said that we are all conspirators because "conspiracy means to breathe together." But our togetherness has not been real until recently. We, the community of the Ann Arbor-Detroit area, are finally breathing together. We have finally seen that we are brothers and sisters in spite of ideological differences. We finally sense that we hold much in common.

We have gotten together to form the STP Coalition.

STP.

Serve The People!

Stop The Pigs!

Seize The Power!

Jerry Rubin came to Detroit three months ago and started off by saying that he didn't understand why the area wasn't in revolt over John's ripoff. Today things have reached the point where people are getting it together over the issues of Freeing John and legalizing pot.

The STP Coalition consists of People Against Racism, the White Panther Tribe/Youth International Party, the Ann Arbor Argus paper, the Detroit Fifth Estate paper, ARMedia, the YIP-Fugs, members of the rock newspaper CREEM, Newsreel, Detroit Weatherman, Revolutionary Printing Co-op, the South End newspaper, Open City (a switchboard/clinic/runaway operation), and people from rock bands, radio stations, and psychedelic music palaces.

On January 24th and 25th, STP Coalition organized the killer benefits of all time. They were truly community events. No superstar rock bands were asked to come in and get all the money from the people, nor did the Aaron Russos of the area go home with their pockets filled with loot. The money came from the community and stayed in the community.

We were at the Grande and the Easttown ballrooms, which were provided free after the managements were politically educated to the needs of the community. We were listening to area bands made up of our people. People we see walking around in our towns—not superstars who never set foot on the street. OUR brothers and sisters made music for us, music that we've inspired them to make.

There was Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen, a bizarre C&W group that plays out of the coffeehouse in Ann Arbor when not on tour. There was Fruit of the Loom, a group from the suburbs made up of freaks who feature the best of acid consciousness and stomp-down greaser energy, a group that does oldies a lot more sincerely than a processed creation like Sha-Na-Na, a group from the neighborhood. There were the Rationals and SRC and the Amboy Dukes, and other groups that do benefits even though they've cut that "all-important" first album. There was the MC5, which had wandered far and wide since splitting from John, but who found it impossible to miss this get-together even though it meant flying in for the night. There was the Up, Ann Arbor's own revolutionary rock band. And there were a dozen more, all getting down to get us together.

When brother J.C. Crawford read a message from John I was amazed at all the right-ons and clenched fists. The Grande on the 24th was different from the Grande on another night; the people were there to do more than just listen to rock and roll.

We were there because we were pissed off cuz John wasn't with us. We were pissed off because the guy who'd energized so many of the bands playing for us and founded the Artist's Workshop and Trans-Love Energies and the White Panthers and moved all the hall owners to open their places to the community and given five years of his time on the planet to building a new culture in Eastern Michigan was off in some prison because the state felt him a menace. We were so pissed off that 4000 of us made it obvious that we won't be fucked with anymore.

We made it clear that they ain't gonna be taking nobody else.

The other day we were stopped by some cops in Chicago. They noticed the FREE JOHN SINCLAIR sticker on our van and asked about him. When we explained that he was doing ten years for possession they were astonished.

"He wasn't busted in Chicago. We don't send nobody to prison for that anymore. It's ridiculous. These laws should be changed. Everybody gets busted, but nobody gets ten years for it."

This from a Chicago cop.

It's true, you know. Not everybody goes to jail for allegedly giving two joints to two narcs. But John did, because they didn't know what else to do with him.

John has something that the power people can't relate to. He has a sense of communalism. John isn't working for himself or for the money he can get for himself. He's working for his people, for the freedom of all people.

The powers that jailed John can't relate to that. They taught us in school to share and not to be selfish, but as soon as we started doing that they freaked out. They can control people when they're working for money, but they can't control them when they're working for freedom. As John put it: "THEY'RE CONTROL ADDICTS AND WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL."

They have no power over us anymore. There is nothing they can do. Sure they can send John to jail, but that doesn't break John's spirit--or ours. John is hard at work reading and writing and getting a better understanding of our situation in an historical context. Our spirit has not been broken--in fact, we're stronger.

We are coming together and meeting our enemies with full force. We are attacking on all fronts. We have newspapers screaming about racism and newspapers screaming about gay power and rock bands transcending and making people FEEL what it's all about and people fighting for legalized drugs, legalized abortions, higher wages, lower prices, an end to police brutality and tons of other things that keep us from our freedom.

We are a multi-media show and there are few pigs who can dig a total assault. They can try to wipe out one phase of us, but each time they do twenty-five will come back at them.

It sure is great to get it on together.

All power to the people and the people's coalition!

Serve the People!

Stop the Pigs!

Seize the Power!

In the spirit of STP,
Lynn/Youth International Party

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LIE-IN ON POLLUTION

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FEATURING...THE CHICAGO PEACE
COUNCIL / WEATHERMEN. 9:00AM

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY DUMB-IN

STARRING SPIRO AGNEW AT THE
CONRAD HILTON, FEB. 12, FEATURING...
YIPPIE GUERILLA THEATRE. 6:30 PM

HAYAKAWA DEMONSTRATES
MANIPULATIVE SEMANTICS AT
NORTHWESTERN.

HUEY NEWTON'S
BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
FEBRUARY 15

THE PEOPLE'S JURY
CONVENES TO DECIDE THE REAL
CONSPIRACY.

HOBOPHOTOGRAFIC '70